



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

SO far the United States has not declared war against Spain, and as the froth boils off the Yankee saucenpan the anxiety for a fight is apparently decreasing. President McKinley's attitude, considering the clamor with which his ears have been assailed, has been one of great self-restraint, and the fact that a President has been able to resist such fervid and apparently well grounded appeals for war must certainly increase the respect with which he and his office will be regarded by the diplomatic world. It is not the first time that a President of the United States has shown himself superior to the outcries of the mob, and the republic which he rules should congratulate itself that its chief magistrate occasionally, if not always, rises superior to the low and thoughtless elements which too often direct the course and fix the conduct of the man at the helm.

It may be prejudice or pessimism, yet I cannot free myself when a great agitation is going on in the United States, from the belief that much of it is created for speculative purposes, or in a spirit of bravado and bluff intended to impress the world rather than expected to materialize into anything serious. At the present moment the various States of the Union are voting from five hundred thousand to a million dollars each to put their militia on something like a war footing. The governors and legislatures thoroughly well understand that Spain is unlikely to invade the United States, and that the militia will not be required for invading the enemy's country, but as war is the talk and "guff" is the game, no politician can be behindhand in showing his "patriotism." The money may not be altogether wasted, and in the majority of cases the large appropriations will not be expended, so a great and thrilling sensation can be enjoyed at small expense. One thing, however, is demonstrated, and that is that the United States could raise, if it desired, on very short notice, an enormous amateur army fairly well equipped and reasonably willing to fight. To demonstrate this is alone worth to our neighbors what money it will cost.

The protests sent in to President McKinley against His Holiness the Pope acting as mediator between Spain and the United States, were instantly effectual. President McKinley, in refusing the act of friendly and pious intervention, says that he is unable to accept it owing to "the prejudice, even though unjust, entertained by a majority of the American people against the Vatican's intervention in political affairs." If this reply had been made by a Canadian Premier what a wild cry of bigotry would have been raised. But we hear of no protest from the bishops or archbishops in the United States, for the constitution of that country expressly prohibits the recognition of any church, either in education, politics or diplomacy, either by subsidy or in sentiment. It would be fortunate for us in Canada if our rulers were able to so summarily dismiss the intervention of preachers or prelates in our politics. What extraordinary embarrassments we would be freed from! How much more nobly would the feet of progress pursue the path of our possibilities if at every step our religious instructors were not continually raising the cry that they were being trodden upon!

Outside of these, in themselves important objections to the Pope's intervention, why should he, any more than any other spiritual pastor, be made the mediator between two great temporal powers? Indeed, it seems fortunate for him, and for the historic church of which he is head, that such intervention has been refused. Were it accepted by one nation and rejected by the other, or were it accepted by both and come to an unfortunate termination, the resulting war would seem more impious and dreadful than it otherwise would have appeared. If all the churches of the world were to be asked to intervene, doubtless they would put forward their chief men and peace would be insisted upon. But then the world does not entrust its spiritual advisers with the management of its temporal affairs. Possibly it would be better if greater faith were shown in the doctrines which Christians profess. Nevertheless, it is the actual condition of affairs, and not matters as they should be, which weighs most heavily in the adjustment of international and inter-personal concerns. If we asked ourselves the question what we really do entrust to our spiritual leaders, we might be puzzled in questioning one another. In self-examination we might be much surprised to find that but few entrust their spiritual advisers with more than the baptismal, marriage and burial duties, together with the privilege of preaching twice on Sunday and appearing in some auxiliary church work once a week. When people are sick they do not send for the pastor or priest to restore them to health; when they are quarreling they go to a lawyer; when they are trying to make money they keep away from the pastor, lawyer and doctor, and hustle for themselves. When they choose a wife they do it without the guidance of anybody; when they build a house they engage an architect; when they go on a journey in a strange land they hire a guide without examining him as to his beliefs; and so on through the whole programme of life. This being the case, the intervention of a spiritual leader in warlike concerns seems to show a good deal of assurance which would not be more marked if the doctor protested that he should act as arbitrator in the work of two lawyers or the designs of two architects. True, thousands of human lives are in the balance, as they always will be in every great work or every great war, as they are in every great trade, and every great factory and every great city. We cannot forget that war is always going on, even when we endeavor to delude ourselves that peace reigns. Half-paid operatives are toiling for bread and dying of hunger; millions of the unemployed and outcasts are perishing by the wayside in the various so-called Christian lands; and in these wars it would be much better if the churches stepped forward and asked to mediate rather than to thrust themselves into prominence when there is to be actual blood-letting. Well fed, well-conditioned troops may meet death with reasonable equanimity when it is not likely to be by inches, but as swift as by a stroke of lightning. The social wars which are bitterest in the lands where the pontiff has the greatest influence, need powerful and pious intervention, though of course intervention in those cases means the alienation of the powerful and compensation for the poor. This task, being one which requires the expenditure of money and the loss of wealthy allies, is one the churches do not seek; but, in the case of a real war, when all the world is gazing at the belligerents, it is different. The nations, the churches and the people who intervene, all come out in the bright light of the war beacons, and almost everybody is willing to be a personage in the spectacle.

It is a hard trial for a judge to pass the death sentence on a murderer. It is a terrible thing for a spectator who has to see human life lost without a possibility of doing anything to save it. It is agony to see the vital spark of a loved one extinguished, though the life of the one left would be cheerfully given to detain the parting soul. How terrible, then, must it be for a man in whose hands are the destinies of two nations about to go to war. President McKinley knows that defeat is impossible for the United States, yet he knows when he declares war that thousands, perhaps tens, hundreds of thousands, must die in battle by sea and land. Is it any wonder that he is loath to say the word which will plunge two great nations into conflict? Imagine his feelings, in case of war, when the vessels go out to do battle with the modern Spanish armada! Try for an instant to think as he will think as he looks in the faces of the wives and mothers and sisters of the

men who go from shore never to return. Imagine, as he no doubt imagines, the home-coming of such ships as may return to the pier, with the list of dead and dying, wounded and missing! Turn as he will turn and look in the faces of the multitude when the war fever has gone down to the cold, clammy chill which the hand of death brings to every person or nation! Travel with him as he will travel after the war and see the battered veterans, the widowed and sonless women, and you will get some idea of how difficult it is even for the head of a nation, whose individuality is almost extinguished in his office, to hold up his hand and let the combat begin.

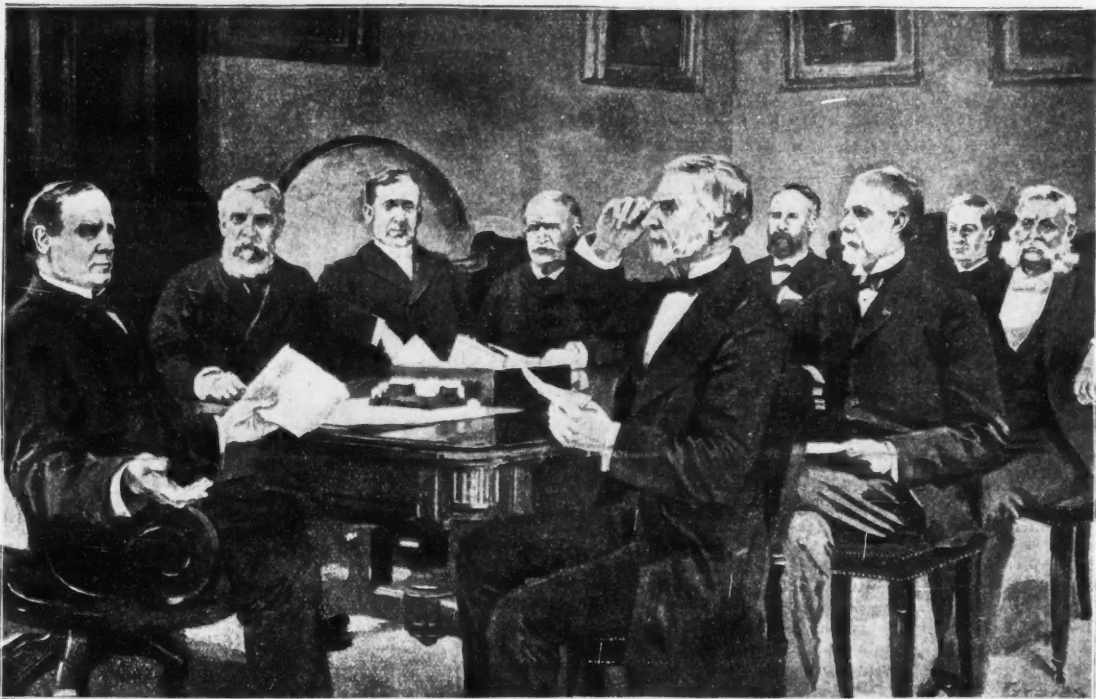
It is worth taking a little trouble to find out the size of the men who govern the city of Toronto, and an effort in this direction has discovered the Fire and Light Committee of the Council to contain at least one of the smallest of the pin-headed variety which this vicinity can produce. Merely to test the question and to find out with what courtesy large taxpayers are treated, the company publishing SATURDAY NIGHT sent a small bill amounting to \$11.50 for a rebate on water used and for acknowledgment of services in assisting to extinguish fires in the neighborhood of the SATURDAY NIGHT Building. The trifling amount of the bill should have indicated that the question involved was not one of money, but of principle, but it only succeeded in exciting the indignation of one of the most insignificant members of the committee, and his bilious talk resulted in the scornful rejection of the account, as the Company presenting it expected. Moreover, not a courteous word was said, nor was any request for explanation or a detailed account made.

The circumstances are these: The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, pay \$739.64 taxes on a building and lot, and everyone within the building, from the manager down, is assessed for all they get. The building is insured for \$25,000 and

and could go nowhere else, but that does not affect the general question. Ordinarily the readers of the newspapers accept these threats as nothing more than a bluff, but often there is a very well grounded basis for many of these importunities. Nothing is more likely to drive them away than the impertinence of people like Ald. Dunn, who said, in connection with the trifling experimental bill which was presented to the committee, "They used the water to protect their own premises, and this bill is a piece of gall of which the Company ought to be ashamed." Ald. Dunn falls very easily into loud and bumptious talk, and he has shown his size in a way that will probably be remembered even by those who do not buy meat in his stall.

The water used by the Company was to protect the premises adjacent to the fire, not SATURDAY NIGHT Building, for it was unlikely to be burned. The services of the firemen were for the same purpose, as well as for the partial saving of the building in flames. All the citizens in common pay for these things. Not another building in the block had ample fire appliances of its own. If every other building had been equally well equipped, if all the buildings in the city were as well equipped, nearly all the fires could be extinguished by watchmen or policemen, and the cost of a fire brigade would be reduced to a trifle, for the business premises, as a rule, are not used at night and are not at all more liable to damage by fire than a private dwelling.

Take the SATURDAY NIGHT Building as an example. It pays its water rates in addition to its taxes; it pays its share of the expense of the fire brigade; it has made every possible provision against fire, for it is not one of the buildings that are built to have burned down. Yet it has every tax imposed upon it which a wooden shanty not three doors away has placed upon it. The shanty, which is a menace to the neighborhood, escapes with slight taxes because it is of little value. The big buildings have to support it as well as themselves, and when the fire appliances



President McKinley. Lyman J. Gage, Sec. of Treasury. John D. Long, Sec. of the Navy. James Wilson, Sec. of Agriculture. J. J. McCook, Sec. of War. John Sherman, Sec. of State. James A. Gary, Sec. of the Interior.

## PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CHIEF ADVISERS.

the annual premium which is paid upon it and its contents is over \$400. At considerable expense a stand-pipe was put in the building, with two-inch hose on every floor, extending to the roof; and a night watchman is employed who is well instructed in the use of these appliances. The boiler which heats the building is in an area under the sidewalk, and this area is carefully separated from the main building. All the power used is electrical, and is so placed that no danger of fire is incurred. The building itself is one of the strongest in the city, with piers and walls sufficiently powerful to carry several additional stories.

The above facts are stated simply as the foundation for the statement of injustice perpetrated upon the proprietors of good buildings in this city. The highest possible rates of insurance are charged, the highest possible taxes are charged, and no additional service is given to anybody. Even the lanes around the SATURDAY NIGHT Building are asphalted—the first ever so paved in Toronto by petition of the people. The Company owning the building have been the leaders in every enterprise to improve Adelaide street west, and their energy and progressiveness have added largely to the assessable value of all the properties, and it was through the perseverance of the Company that one of the worst pieces of street in the city was properly paved during the past year.

Now what is the result? During the John Eaton Company fire the watchman of SATURDAY NIGHT Building had water turned on and his hose covering the shingled roofs surrounding SATURDAY NIGHT Building before the fire brigade had arrived. He stood at his post till his arms were terribly blistered, and he had to lie down behind the parapet on the roof in order to partially protect himself from the intense heat. Without doubt if he had not kept the roofs of some of the old buildings in the neighborhood wet the fire would have greatly extended, and his services were recognized by the insurance companies by a handsome honorarium, and he has since been given a position at the new City Hall. But the Sheppard Publishing Company had to pay for every particle of water that was thrown on those buildings, as what passed through the stand-pipe also passed through the metre. The insurance companies paid for the damage done to the building by the intense heat, and of course there is no complaint to make against them, but it does seem unjust that the only building in the neighborhood supplied with a night watchman and thorough fire appliances should have to pay for the water used in confining the blaze, considering that the service was as useful as that of the fire brigade itself.

In the case of the more recent fire in the premises of the Dominion Box Factory, the first two streams of water on the adjacent buildings came from the same source, and the same Company had to pay for the water which passed through the metre and the hose. The amount of money is a trifle, but the injustice is a very great one, and the airing of it is done for the sole purpose of calling the attention of the citizens to some of the conditions which make companies restless while doing business in this city. Continually we are hearing of this firm or that company threatening to go elsewhere unless certain concessions are made—of course SATURDAY NIGHT belongs here

of a large structure keep the shanty from being burned, the big building is practically fined by the city for doing it—as it possibly ought to be—by being made to pay for the water used. Nevertheless a slight protest against this sort of thing is esteemed by Ald. Dunn to be a "piece of gall."

My own view of the matter is that buildings that protect themselves as far as they can, comply with every regulation of the city and the insurance companies, and instead of being a menace to their neighbors are a protection to them, should receive some consideration. If this is not done, the whole tendency on the part of those who have buildings to protect will naturally be the same as those who have buildings to burn, KEEP DOWN EXPENSES AND LET THE INSURANCE COMPANIES PAY THE BILL. This sort of thing would make insurance rates even higher than they now are. It would force the city to keep a larger fire brigade, and naturally vastly increase the expense of the average ratepayer. If nothing is allowed to a company that maintains its own fire brigade as effectually as it has been maintained by the company in question, certainly the city should not increase its burden by charging it for the water which was used for the same purpose as the water from the hydrants was used by the fire brigade in confining the flames to the smallest possible radius. No doubt Ald. Dunn is entirely ignorant of what is just in such matters, but as he is ignorant in many other respects it should be made plain that the government of a city should not be left in such hands, but should include a knowledge of affairs larger than was shown by the Fire and Light Committee, and not left to the mouthings of penny people who hustle themselves into the City Council and then insult those who come in contact with them.

It would be difficult to find anyone in Ontario who would not infinitely prefer to see the Grand Trunk general offices in Toronto rather than in Montreal. This, too, is the province where the best paying business of the Grand Trunk is conducted; where the counties have given great bonuses to build independent and auxiliary roads which are now the property of the Grand Trunk, and where, including the allied lines to the West, there is over three-quarters of the total mileage. Toronto as a city would be wildly enthusiastic if the Grand Trunk general offices were to come here, and even as it is every citizen feels grateful to Mayor Shaw for the effort he has made towards this end. Notwithstanding all this, I must confess to a feeling that Toronto is being used to a certain extent as a cat's-paw to pull chestnuts out of the Montreal fire for General Manager Hays, and the sensation involved is not a pleasant one. It is the fashion nowadays for influential concerns with a local grievance to set one city against another in competing for the presence of their factories and offices, involving considerable of a population and annual expenditure of money for wages. In many instances this sort of a campaign is caused by the impropriety with which a concern is treated at home, for to few people is it suggested to make a thoroughly cold and clammy threat to leave a city unless some injustice creates discontent. With railroad companies it is different. They are continually campaigning to get "everything there is in it," and I would regret to see Toronto lending itself to any scheme which is of no greater weight than to bulldoze Montreal into granting something which the city

feels it should not grant. The whole movement has gone far enough now to culminate in Toronto offering in set terms what it will do for the Grand Trunk if it removes its general offices to this city. If it is to be a building site of value and beauty, let it be arranged for and promptly presented. But we must bear in mind that it will do us no ultimate good if we approach the question in a huckstering spirit. If General Manager Hays thinks it will be to his advantage to come to Toronto, and this city is polite and generous and clear-cut in its proposition, the offices will come here. If, on the other hand, he is simply playing a game against Montreal, nothing in reason that we can offer will induce him to come. The proposition should be businesslike, and calculations as to the increase of population and benefit to this city might very well be left in the background instead of, as at present, being elaborated in the newspapers so as to excite Montreal to counter-propositions. Small towns may find it profitable, though I think it exceedingly doubtful, to bid against one another for the location of public enterprises, but certainly Montreal and Toronto should not enter into any such race, which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would mean that everything worth having would be continually dangling itself before the eyes of the people of both places.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL MULOCK has introduced a bill for two-cent postage in Canada, and it is understood that he has been able to make such large savings in the mail-carrying contracts and other details of his department that this long-hoped-for change will not make the mail service of Canada more burdensome to the general taxpayer. To business men the change from a three to a two-cent postage rate would be a great relief, though of course it is a relief that any postmaster-general could have accorded had he had the consent of his colleagues to make the general deficit and burden of the department immensely greater than it has been in the past. The change undertaken, however, it is understood, will not make the burden greater, for enormous savings have been effected, and the increase of correspondence under the two-cent rate is hoped to compensate to a certain extent for the reduced rate. Another important aid in reducing the general expenses of the department is the taxation of newspapers carried more than ten miles, and this is fixed at a quarter of a cent per pound after January 1899 and is to continue until June 1899, when the rate will be a half a cent per pound. The charge is not excessive, and the necessity of weighing and watching these papers will make it much more difficult for purely advertising matter and fake publications to be pushed through the mails as newspapers. In the end the legitimate publisher will be benefited, particularly the country publisher, who will not find his advertising space going begging because his whole constituency is deluged with fake stuff from large cities. As a matter of fact, the newspaper publisher has no right to receive anything from the Government for nothing, and when he appears to receive any such favor he is nearly always misled, for advantage of the privileges is taken by "fake" competitors who are not put to any expense in obtaining reading matter, but who obtain advertisements at a high rate for a large circulation and use the post-offices as if they were disseminating valuable news. Taking it altogether, the small charge will be a benefit rather than an injury, and yet it will yield a considerable revenue, for the Postoffice Department last year carried free nearly 17,000,000 pounds of newspapers, or what purported to be newspapers. Even the cheapest daily paper will find its customers more ready to send in a small amount as a subscription when the postage is only two cents, than when it is three cents. Postmaster-General Mulock is one of the most vigilant, capable, and economical Ministers of the Government, and it is doubtful if any other member of the Administration will be able during the present Parliament to offer what is so clearly a benefit to the people at so small a cost. Of course he will meet with opposition, as indeed he is already doing. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., alleging that the tax on newspapers is an attempt to prevent the dissemination of news of Government misdoings throughout the country. Of course everybody who knows how newspapers are distributed, and how little the charge means, will laugh at this piece of demagoguery. Some, of course, may believe it, but no reform can be effected without opposition, detraction and falsification. However, we will have two-cent letter postage, and as far as the carriage of papers is concerned, we will not be behind the United States, where a charge is made for newspapers, and that is a country which is not generally supposed to be inclined to "throttle" the public press.

SOMEONE has sent me a pamphlet of which the following is a portion of the title page:  
THE NEW ERA AT HAND  
(Easter, 1898)  
Or, The Approaching Close of  
THE GREAT PROPHETIC PERIODS,  
Being Biblical and Astronomical Proofs,  
Relating to the  
Great Assize Held by the "Ancient of Days,"  
The Period of "That Day," the End of the Gentile and Jewish  
Times.  
The Resurrection of the Just,  
The Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ,  
The Near Restoration of the Jewish Kingdom,  
And the Millennium.  
Arranged in Diagrams and on the Basis of Scientific Time.  
By  
J. B. Dimbleby,

Premier Chronologist to the British Chronological and Astronomical Association, London, First Calculator of all the Eclipses and Transits, Author of All Past Time, The Appointed Time, The Historical Bible, and Prize Essayist (4100) on Universal Time, &c., &c.

Across this page was written, "Read Carefully if not read before and judge for yourself."

This book, we are told, was written some six years ago, though the present—fourteenth—edition is dated July, 1897. We are also informed that the price is threepence, and as it deals with the end of things earthly it should be cheap at the price, though, if sincere, those who believe its teachings should have flooded the world with the pamphlet free of charge. The revolution which is approaching is not described in detail, but an idea of it is given in an introductory paragraph, as follows:

"So far as my own mind is concerned, I believe that it is the end of civil and political government and the introduction of Divine Government; but what will be the necessary accompaniments and results of Divine Government—what their greatness, their grandeur, and their new stages of life—my pen cannot describe. They are written in Scripture and involve a resurrection, the coming of the Son of Man, the restoration of the Jewish kingdom, and the millennium."

The period which is just closing, according to this author, who's name has been hitherto unfamiliar to me, is the Gentile period, the astronomical year 3896, or our 1898. The three following paragraphs indicate to a certain extent the character of the work:

"There is yet an important point for our consideration. Although the little horn of Mohammedan power is to prevail for 1200 years, which end at 1898 A.D., yet there is no clear evidence that the Ancient of Days does not come to the mid-heavens some time previous to this date, and consequently the first resurrection—that of all the holy dead—take place, and together with all living saints, who are then quickened, ascend to the mid-heavens, where the grand levee and assize occurs. The question is, does this assize, at which the glorified saints are present, many of whom are seated on thrones, give judgment against the little horn, and must not this judgment, by which the Sultan is cast out of Palestine, be given before the time of



the little horn has expired? This question cannot be conclusively determined, but as the end is so near we must not overlook its pressing importance. The grand rapture may now occur any day.

"There are three living writers on the approximating fulfillment of prophecy, who are known as having given more investigation to this subject than other men, and they state that the end of the 2520 years is nearer than I place it. I respectfully allude to Mr. John Stead, the Rev. M. Baxter, and Mr. Grattan Guinness, who give the date as 1894, 1896, and 1897. Perhaps one hundred writers could be mentioned, some of the men of eminence, who concur, but, with the exception of myself, they have not taken into consideration the irregularities of Parliamentary time. There is no doubt that if they would use measurements instead of opinions and individual judgments, they should all agree, as do the captains of ships when they determine longitudes and latitudes.

"This Great Assize precedes the Restoration of the Jews and the Millennium, or may be regarded as the beginning of both of them. It is denominated as 'that day' in Scripture, particularly by Isaiah, and to it the Apostle St. Paul alludes when speaking of the crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge would give him in That Day. The glory of this day was revealed by the transfiguration on the Mount. Thousands of Christians in England, America, and elsewhere, are expecting to see it, but great as is the interest on earth in the near revealing of the great salvation, the hosts of heaven are doubtless waiting with joy the hour when the 'set time' arrives. Four years hence from our 1894 is the limit of the present dispensation. If any man says the end is farther off, let him work out his figures on paper. If it be said that men have made calculations before and the time has passed, I must deny such a statement. I cannot find one. I have seen statements about the dynasties of Egypt, and when I asked for the calculations, they could not be produced. We have done with statements and conjectures made without the basis of a calculation."

A further idea of the book can be obtained on page 10:

"The book of Revelation is a narration of what will occur in the thirty years I have stated. Chap. iv. is similar to Dan. vii. In v. and vi. are particulars of the opening of the books of Dan. vii., 10, but the coming history actually begins with chap. vii. by sealing 144,000 Jews, who as the chosen race will again be the representatives of the salvation of the world. All the Christians, resurrected and glorified, are the multitude which no man could number. They have ascended to meet the Lord in the air, or mid-heavens, where both St. Paul and Daniel (vii., 13) says the Son of Man will be to receive them."

"This, then, is the lesson which investigation of Scripture and the science of time reveals. We may expect that all civil governments and 'isms' will be overturned in six years hence (I write these lines in January, 1892), and that Divine authority will follow. We must also expect that most of the righteous persons now living will never see death. Christians have now not long to labor and warn the disobedient. Soon we shall hear the shout of archangels and the booming trumpets which will herald the presence of the Son of the Living God. Events will transpire rapidly, one after the other, and they are so near that even men far advanced in years may expect to see the beginning of the grand climax of the plan of redemption. But although some may close their eyes in death before the Prince of Life appears, yet their bones, like those of Joseph, will not have turned to dust before the deliverance. Shortly, the righteous departed will be back again—yes, back again—for 'those that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him.'"

I have not enjoyed the pleasure of "Professor" Dimbleby's acquaintance, either personally or through the medium of his writings; and if it were not the moment when these great things that he has figured out were imminent I would hardly spend time in criticizing his methods or disputing his arguments. The day after this issue will be Easter, and the saints will be caught up into the air if this writer is correct in his theory. It may seem bold and almost blasphemous to contradict him on such short notice, but as I am no believer in deathbed repentance and am quite sure that I am now as fit to meet a crisis of this kind as I will be in a couple of years, I shall venture to differ with the learned chronologist. I have read his book as carefully as time will permit, but I must admit that I cannot see the force of his figures. Where anything is lacking he adds eighteen or some number which makes his statements seem like facts. His bookkeeping, in fact, reminds me of the statement of the fellow who said that he and his partner had the simplest system of bookkeeping in the world. He was office man and kept a cash-book and nothing else. When there was too little cash he charged it to his partner; when there was too much he put extra cash in his pocket and called the account square. When Professor Dimbleby has too many years he subtracts something which I have been unable to find any reason for. When he has too few years he adds something to them, quotes a passage of Scripture and passes on. We may be on the eve of the close of what he calls the "Gentile period." As I have never done business or written my weekly articles on the basis of the Gentile period, this does not startle me, and I would be weak indeed to be influenced by having some new reckoning of time thrust upon me as a basis for a new performance. The millennium may be near at hand, though as far as I can gather from Professor Dimbleby it will take thirty years for the millennium to be worked out after next Easter. He is very indistinct as to what will become of us who are not caught up in the air to meet the Saviour, but I imagine it will be disastrous for all of us, and it is a disaster against which we cannot provide. The saints, properly enough, are to be rewarded, and their selection will no doubt astonish many of us. Whether or not the selection will be popular is fortunately a thing that we cannot settle or influence.

Taking the thing seriously, I think that Professor Dimbleby is a "three penny" prophet, whose business it has been to write pamphlets for his own emolument. A man who is as certain as he would have us believe that all civil and secular government will end at Easter, would not charge three pence for his pamphlet, but would be busy evangelizing the people and preparing them for the great change. Surely Noah did not do the "three penny pamphlet" act before the flood! The world has a surfeit of these three penny prophets, and unfortunately there are a great many people who believe this sort of thing, neglect their business or sell their holdings, and arrange to depart hence, as per Second Adventist prophesying. The Second Adventists have had many startling disappointments, yet they always find a mistake in their arithmetic which permits them to have a new sensation. Their prophets make the money; they make the mistake. And they keep on making it in a way that is very saddening to people of ordinary intelligence, for men and women cannot do business and look after their mundane affairs when they are expecting every moment to be caught up into the air. Years ago a number of this sect sold or gave away their belongings and assembled with newly washed and stiffly starched linen, prepared to make the ascension, and when the event failed to come off they were houseless, penniless and helpless, and, unfortunately, many of them were faithless. In a couple of days we will know whether Professor Dimbleby is correct or not; but we may be sure that if he is at fault he will immediately revise his chronology and fix a date later on, and during the interval his pamphlet will still continue to sell at three pence and will go from fourteen to many other editions. It seems almost time that the world ceased to listen to this sort of cheap-John theology; but it never will pass the point when interested people will be able to make money out of the holiest instincts of humanity. The pagan and Christian worlds have been alike exemplifications of the readiness with which people will listen to cheap prophets and not be benefited by them, but merely disturbed by their doctrines. The fact that Mr. Dimbleberry has to apologize for Brother Baxter and others affords proof how from year to year these pretentious people have kept themselves in sight by chronological and theological fulminations! If the events that are prophesied come to pass, everybody will be glad. The world is tired enough of its present condition and will be glad of a thirty years' millennium, or preparation for a millennium, or an opportunity to die, or whatever the programme may be, which I am sorry to say is hard to find out from the indefinite astronomer. One thing is true, that never within the memory of those now living were there so many rumors of war and threatenings as at present. The battle of Armageddon may be near at hand. If so, no one will make complaint. We are here by no solicitation of our own, and our departure hence will be quite satisfactory if we all do it together, because the one thing that the human mind dreads is loneliness. If what happens to one happens to everybody, then it is a relief, a joy, a solution of a question which nobody hitherto has been able to solve. Don.

The editorials in the Russian, French and German papers are just now interesting to Britishers. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* says: "Bismarck has said, 'Every nation must sooner or later pay for the windows its Press has smashed'; and England, the country least able to go to war, pays for the conduct of her Press by her helpless isolation."

### The Unquietude of a Preacher.

THESE are those who say that in this swift, nervous age the modern church lags far behind the world's necessities. Among those who express this opinion must be included many clergymen who are not misled by the crowded state of their churches on the Sunday, but who look out rather into the busy world on Monday, and every other day, and realize how little of all that was hoped for has been accomplished. It would be very strange, indeed, if clergymen could walk open-eyed through the world for six days of the week and be content with the results of their preaching on the seventh. "The duty of a clergyman is not to get a few persons into a corner and keep rounding them up, and heading them off, and barking at them as a sheep-dog does with a flock of sheep, and now and then sending a batch of them off to their reward; nor is it his duty to go out and pull others into isolation and safety, but it is his duty to go out into the world and see that Christianity becomes an active force in everyday life." These are not the expressions of a newspaper man, but the sentiments (if not the exact words) of Rev. Elliott Rowe in his lecture on Men and Money in the Euclid avenue Methodist church last Monday night.

Here is a man who has a pulpit and a congregation; he has with him the influence of a religion as old as the world, and so entrenched and strong that it has for centuries worked at the task of substituting itself for perverted forms of belief in Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, yet here and in this day, he finds it necessary to come forward on a week night with an indictment against Christian civilization, as being unequal, unfair, cruel, with "a few men sitting on the heads of the many, gorged and besotted—gorged with power and with gold." The preacher, standing amid the symbols and in the temple of his creed—on a platform from which the pulpit had been removed, lecturing on those wrongs of men for which the regenerate were



REV. ELLIOTT S. ROWE.

confessedly as much to blame as the unregenerate—after nineteen hundred years of effort—presents a spectacle that demands our serious thought.

"You tell us to preach the simple gospel! Yes, the simple gospel that you have been accustomed to—the gospel of theory that exacts only attendance at church but does not influence daily life." The Christian minister could not rest content with that. The church had released men from bodily confinement and he asked if it is now to leave them with the word that there is no Promised Land. Men are said to be free and equal, but those who go to law with a big corporation will find that the only man who is free and equal is the one with the long pocket-book. There is a great deal of talk about the brotherhood of man, and we anticipate an eternity of brotherhood, but what reason have we to suppose that men will be fitted for that brotherhood by resting in graves for a few centuries? If men rob, and grind, and kill here they cannot look to the cemetery to regenerate them.

Rev. Elliott Rowe is an unusually large man, vigorous in thought and speech, and capable of a tremendous amount of exertion. He seems to stand just now at a fork in the roads. He is almost determined to try to accomplish something practical on earth as well as to preach idealities about eternity. He holds that Christianity, applied, would solve the economic problems that stagger the world, and that nothing else will solve them. He has half a mind to hurt himself into the thick of the world's fight, not as a citizen, but as the priest of a religion that was meant for the world and not for the churches—meant for life and not for death-beds, for strong men and not invalids, for the market-place and not the cloister. But the task may yet appall him, and if so he would not be the first to measure it, give it up, and turn into the easy road beaten smooth with the feet of millions of travelers who took the easiest path through life on the plea that eternity is everything.

### An Hour in the Courts.

CAN the king do wrong? Can a judge make a mistake or commit a fault? If so, dare we speak of it? Last week the following announcement appeared in the daily papers: "Mr. Justice Macleannan will hand out his judgments in the South Perth and West Elgin election cases at 11 o'clock Saturday morning." A representative of this paper attended at Osgoode Hall on the day and at the hour mentioned, but no such judgments were handed out, nor did Judge Macleannan hold court at all. Reporters from the various papers were present, and, more important still, Mr. Moscrip, one of the candidates in South Perth, had come from St. Mary's, and Mr. McNish, one of the candidates in West Elgin, had come from Fingal only to learn—nothing. Their cases were not disposed of nor dealt with. Finally someone mustered courage to send a messenger to the private rooms of the judge to enquire if his lordship intended to deliver judgment in the two cases in question. He did not intend to do so. He did not know when he would do so. Mr. Moscrip went back to St. Mary's and Mr. McNish to Fingal. Under cross-examination no doubt these two gentlemen could be made to admit that they were vexed at being led to journey from their distant homes to Osgoode Hall, only to find the door of the Court of Appeal closed and no explanation obtainable of the humbug that had been played upon them. The responsibility rests somewhere, and this brings us to the point, either that Mr. Justice Macleannan failed to keep his appointment, or that the newspapers made an unauthorized announcement. Perhaps to the two men who were put to so much inconvenience and expense it is not important which explanation is correct, but probably it would gratify the curiosity of the public if the point were cleared up. It is not probable that Mr. Justice Macleannan promised to deliver judgments at a certain time and place and then ignored the appointment without a word to the litigants who appeared in response to his call. It is much more probable that the newspapers were entirely responsible for the error. Perhaps the presence of Messrs. Moscrip and McNish at



Mr. Moscrip of Perth.

Osgoode Hall on Saturday morning bore living witness to the mischievous possibilities of slipshod reportorial work.

Before the Master-in-Chambers a pretty little case was being put through one of its graceful stages. The Hall-Winton-Gowanlock suit had been before Judge Macdougall the previous day, when after two hours of hot argument Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey—for his client, Gowanlock—served an order on the judge prohibiting him from hearing Hall's suit until the Winton suit had been heard. This order was signed by Mr. Justice MacMahon and was arguable on Monday.



The Master-in-Chambers.

Who would have supposed that there would be justice within justice and wheels within wheels? Here was Mr. Woods (for Hall) explaining what Mr. Justice MacMahon had said, which the Master thought unnecessary news; here was Mr. Gibson (for Winton) denying that his client and Gowanlock were in collusion as declared by Judge Macdougall, which caused the Master to remark: "He will probably be accusing me of collusion, too;" and here was Mr. Lindsey (for Gowanlock) agreeing to an enlargement until Tuesday morning, and saying that "Judge Macdougall would not let the case escape his grasp if he could help it." It was not what an awed layman looked for. It was something else, quite. No doubt it would be impossible to get a dozen very learned and able men to sit like kings in their respective courts, dealing out justice and law, without now and then falling foul of each other after a learned and able fashion. It must seem absurd to a judge to have anyone disagree with him—it must seem foolish and a bit irritating. Mr. Lindsey's procedure in arguing for two hours while he had a "prohibition" of the High Court in his satchel, was criticized by the opposing counsel, Mr. Du Vernet, but to the lay mind it appears directly as a stroke of business that one might perform with a relish. If a lawsuit is a mental wrestle, why not improve it with a new trip now and then?

The Master-in-Chambers, Mr. Winchester, is one of the hard workers of Osgoode Hall. He sits from two to four hours a day struggling with all kinds of cases. He is beset with motions, often trifling and troublesome, and hears some very raw arguments from embryo lawyers. The Master's personal peculiarity is that he smiles when he speaks, whether he feels funny or not.

An out-of-town case also came before the Master on Saturday morning and brought one of the most interesting men in Toronto to his feet, in the person of Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, Q.C. He is one of the most unpretentious of men, but cold, collected, quiet and resolute. Owing to his appearance and deportment, a stranger might mistake him for an obscure barrister; and even when he begins to speak one might set him down as an ordinary person. But as you follow him you are made to know that beneath that even flow of words, uttered with an unchanging voice, there is a great, often a perfect logic, that holds the judge to attention and sets the opposing counsel ransacking piles of law books. Of all our distinguished lawyers, Mr. Aylesworth has, perhaps, the most remarkable memory. He seldom quotes law in his arguments, but cites precedents off-hand, his eyes the while moving here and there about the room as if he were thinking of something else than the speech which he so smoothly delivers. When a man is needed on short notice to take up an intricate case, Mr. Aylesworth is generally selected, for he is known to possess the power to master a knotty case in a couple of hours. Cases have been put in his hands at night, and at ten next morning he has been in court, ready to proceed. He possesses great native ingenuity and can shift his base unseen when he finds a judge obtuse or an opposing counsel well equipped. He speaks as if he had no doubt whatever of the result, but attempts no rhetoric, which may be due to the fact that he has always kept clear of politics. To this may also be ascribed the fact that he is the least known of our prominent lawyers, although one of the best all-round men in the profession. When his argument is finished he sits through the reply of his opponent as though it was a very great bore, yet a formality that must be gone through. Mr. Aylesworth is clean-shaven and close-cropped, with a large knobby head, hard-packed with mind and intellect. He was opposed in this argument by Mr. R. C. Clute, Q.C., whose talents and style of argument are very different, yet also marked and effective.

In the west wing Judge Ferguson was hearing argument in the Street Railway case re pavements. Eight or nine men in all were present—the judge, the court officials, Hon. S. H. Blake and Mr. Fullerton for the city, and Mr. William Laidlaw for the company. Mr. B. B. Osler, for the company, was not present. Here were about six men before the court, and Mr. Blake, speaking hour after hour, perhaps day after day, to the judge, who looked at the ceiling or knit his brows and searched the face of the speaker, and, digesting a point, took a pen and made a note on the paper before him. It was so very different from the average man's ideas of a court room—a no crowd, no rhetoric, no noise, but only half a dozen men listening to one who spoke on and on in conversational style, while on the bench sat a big man with a big mind and a big heart—one of the big incorruptible men who save the world—listening and weighing without fear, favor or loss of patience, and, in the end, giving a verdict that all respect and which will serve as a landmark and a precedent to our grandchildren. It is in our higher courts that one gets replenished his faith in humanity and confidence in the poise and permanence of our institutions. With us, justice is calm and undisturbed. The anarchist who might enter Osgoode Hall with evil intent would be disarmed by the very atmosphere of the place, which breathes traditions and prophecies of security.



Mr. R. C. Clute, Q.C.



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Especially worthy of note are those with cut steel—fancy stones—vitrified enamel—cut jet and fancy leathers.

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IF you are contemplating changing any of your carpets this spring, give hardwood floors a thought. They can be laid in good designs for no more than the price of good carpets, and will outlast a dozen carpets. Catalogue and price list on application.

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...FOR... **ROSES Easter LILIES and Spring Flowers**

GO TO **Dunlop's**

The demand during the Easter season is always very large and it is well to place your orders early. Write for descriptive price list. No distance too far to send Dunlop's cut flowers, and their arrival in good condition guaranteed.

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TORONTO.



Social and Personal.

**T**HE unwonted leisure of Lent has given many of us time to investigate and enjoy the progress of some favorite charitable work, and thus it happens that the very able lady in charge of the Victor Mission House Cooking School, Miss Gratton, has sometimes parties of visitors as well as a class of a dozen girls in her exquisitely clean room in the basement, where she lectures and teaches. If the proper study of mankind is man, Miss Gratton illustrates with much conviction and enthusiasm that the proper study of womanhood is cookery, and it is a picture to see her, say, on Wednesday evening, when, standing at the head of a spotless horse-shoe counter, she gives out a recipe and minute directions, which are earnestly followed by a dozen young girls, most of them maids in situations, all of them bound to master the secrets of preparing various wholesome and toothsome dishes. Each maid has a little gas-stove and a cooking-shelf before her, and on the counter her utensils, while on shelves below are condiments of all sorts, baking-powder and various other things. On Wednesday night the little maids tossed up some excellent tea-biscuits, and made chocolate which went, *ensemble*, "down our red lanes" in great amity and accord. All types of maids were there—the fat little mischief, Mabel, the bright independent Millie, the sedate, the nervous, the dull; and the clever little worker, whose every movement was neat and smart and decisive. It was most interesting to see the accurate measuring, the neat methods taught by Miss Gratton, and the rising color of the earnest young cooks when the bad dough stuck to the rolling-pin, or would not be rolled out evenly. However, the ultimate result was a great success, and the biscuits were light and tasty. An hour on Wednesday evening is pleasantly passed watching this nice class of maids. The room is lined with cupboards, lockers for the little *bonnet de cuisine* and bibbed apron of each student, drawers of tea-towels, shelves of granite-ware, of provisions and crockery. A very distressing nuisance is the disturbance raised outside the windows by vagabond boys, who hoot and yell, and throw in refuse and sticks should a sash be lowered for ventilation. There seems a dearth of wide-awake police thereabouts. This cooking-school with its various classes, ladies, nurses, poor mothers, young school girls, working girls, has been the noble thought and care of sweet Mrs. Treble of Euclid Hall, whose liberality keeps it going. A fee of one dollar secures some fifteen or more lessons to a young servant, and the benefit to her mistress would soon be worth many times that sum. "Men are made brutes, or brutes men, by what and how they eat," says the teacher finally.

The Wilton Lodge L.O.O.F. hold their anniversary concert and dance in Odd-fellows' Hall, corner Yonge and College streets, Tuesday evening, April 19.

At Mr. Sage's *matinee dansante* last week I noticed among the many graceful creatures, the solo dancers: Miss Paton, Miss Phillis Lawler, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss W. Plummer, and Miss Bessie Caldwell, who were rapturously applauded and marveled at. All these children are quite small, and have achieved wonderful artistic grace. Misses L. Grindlay and J. Plummer, G. Hardy and N. Barwick are children of a larger growth, whose dances were distinguished for their ease and *abandon*. Miss Helen Grindlay danced a Parisian solo dance. Two young pupils of clever Miss Amy Sternberg, Miss Jellott and Miss Kevin, gave excellent bar bell and hoop exercises. But what brought down the house was the dance executed by "the babies," two tiny girls, Miss Leonie Ridout, a lovely, bright-eyed fairy, daughter of Mr. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House, and Miss G. Caldwell, a tiny daughter of Mr. Caldwell of Hillcrest, the beautiful Darling homestead at the second bridge. Rosedale certainly has pixies and sprites in its sylvan glades and shady ravines. Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick were among those who were delighted with the babies, and it was pretty to see the wee Ridout maiden peeping at her relatives as she demurely danced about. The children, great and small, are entirely free from self-consciousness, as they are accustomed to take their lessons before visitors, who continually drop in to observe their marvelous progress. Mr. Sage is a capital teacher, and it was very comical to see his gravity as he danced a polka with the Caldwell baby, whose curls bobbed somewhere at the altitude of his knee-buckles. The dear little sailor boys in their white togas, and the young cavaliers in Eton jackets, also executed hornpipes and dances in a smart and clever manner.

The Lend-a-Hand mission workers, corner of Parliament and Spruce streets, are making an earnest appeal for left-off clothing of any kind, and during the spring cleaning household articles, bed-linen, curtains, carpets, odd delf and tinware, etc., etc., will be most acceptable and prove highly useful. The society solicits the reader's co-operation and help during the house-cleaning season. Parcels sent for on receipt of advice note addressed to Mr. M. Hewlett, secretary.

Mrs. Drayton, whose serious illness has caused so much anxiety to hosts of friends, is at time of writing doing much better.

Miss Arnette von Buseck is a bright visitor in town from Stauffville, with Mrs. Galbraith, 130 Denis avenue.

Miss Mamie Ashburn, another of Stauffville's fairest daughters, has for several weeks past been enjoying a pleasant visit to Newmarket, the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. Bremner.

Holy week is almost entirely given over to religious observances by the devoutly disposed in society, and very few calls are made or received; but there are many

who, considering all seasons alike, continue the business of society without a break, from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday. The season's brides cannot afford to sit idle at home, or kneel demurely and pronounce themselves miserable sinners during the afternoon hours, with some hundreds of calls unpaid and summer not so far away. So many are going abroad this summer, so many will revel in sylvan resorts, while a few will loiter in the hammock in the back garden and listen to the door-bell ring, while would-be callers persevere and are profane on the doorstep, that it behooves the brides to lose no time in returning their calls. And these raw, abominable March-in-April days have seen the sweet, pretty brides here, there and everywhere, with their spic and span fineries, card-case in hand, calling, calling, calling!

The Count and Countess D'Ivry are accumulating quite a stock of police-court experience of late. I see two simultaneous announcements in the Montreal *Sunday Sun* to the effect that the Count has been fined, thirty dollars and costs, twenty dollars and costs, and half a dollar and costs, for raising a disturbance in a Montreal theater, breaking an orchestra-chair and almost biting off the thumb of a night watchman who assisted a special policeman to eject the noble Frenchman, and that the Countess has succeeded in getting five hundred dollars from the *World*, the appeal having been dismissed. As a matter of curiosity I should like to know how the accounts of the noble pair balance when the two police court experiences are paid in full. The Count went to Europe in February, says the *Sun*, and has not yet returned, and the court ordered a forfeiture of the bonds given for his appearance.

Mrs. Anderson of Elyria, Ohio, is visiting at her former home, 147 Shuter street.

The death of Mrs. Hoskins on Sunday was a great shock and sincere grief to many persons in Toronto who loved and respected the bright, clever and charming little lady. To her relatives, particularly her son and daughter, so well known and liked in social circles, sincere sympathy is extended on all sides. The dainty figure of Mrs. Hoskins, her clever wit, keen insight and bright manner will long be missed from the society she so thoroughly adorned.

Another sad occurrence this penitential time was the death of Mrs. Robert Bethune of College street, for so many years a prominent member of Toronto society and noted for her kind and capable interest in all good works. Mrs. Bethune leaves regret, very sincere and deep, behind her, and a very large circle of friends mourn her death.

Miss Emily Cattanauch goes on Saturday to Ottawa to visit Sir Louis and Lady Davies.

Mrs. Russell Hale of Quebec is visiting Mrs. Montizambert.

Miss Josie Monahan, who has been on a long visit to Quebec, the guest of Miss Eva Evanturel and others, returned home last week quite in love with the French society of the Ancient City.

Miss Edith Jarvis has gone to visit her sister, Mrs. Willie Hope, in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow are going abroad next month. Miss Hugel is to be of their party.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones sail next week for Europe, where they will travel during the summer, visiting Moscow and St. Petersburg.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 401 Yonge street, when Miss Ella A. Adams, daughter of Mrs. S. J. Adams, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles W. Sheridan by Rev. William Patterson of Cook's church. The bride looked charming, attired in French muslin, and carried a shower bouquet of brides' roses. Miss Maggie Love, as bridesmaid, was also becomingly gowned. Mr. A. D. Fisher was groomsmen. After partaking of the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for their bridal tour amid showers of rice and good wishes.

The Horticultural Society.

**T**HE attention of the citizens of Toronto is directed to the efforts put forth by the members of the Toronto Horticultural Society to encourage the taste for planting trees, shrubs, flowers, the care of lawns and house plants, and in every way to teach and aid in the diffusion of knowledge on horticultural matters. The Society exists for this purpose alone, pure and simple, and it is very gratifying to the officers to see the large attendance at the regular monthly meetings.

It is proposed by the Society to present a thousand plants to be distributed amongst the schoolchildren of the public schools, so many for each school, the plants to be grown by the children and exhibited at the Chrysanthemum Show in the fall, when suitable prizes will be given to the best grown. The scheme is now being elaborated by a committee appointed for the purpose, and it is hoped that it will prove a great object lesson to the children in instilling information as to growing plants. It is needless to say it has the hearty endorsement of the Inspector, Mr. J. L. Hughes.

It is also proposed by the Society to initiate a movement looking to the establishment of a botanical garden in our midst. With this object in view, the principals of all the colleges are invited to co-operate, as well as the superintendents of the various parks and government institutions, so that any future planting required may be done in this direction.

In addition to these admirable schemes, at each meeting of the Society, papers are read by experts in their various lines, and practical exhibitions of potting and filling boxes and hanging-baskets are given; and questions are promptly answered on

NASMITH'S CHOCOLATE BON-BONS

The absolute standard of Purity, as well as quality, is strictly maintained in everything that bears the name of or comes from Nasmith's.

A sample package per mail, 10c. Mailed or expressed to any part of Canada, 90c. per lb.

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Our Spring Display High-Class Dry Goods

Is now at the climax of its excellence for this season. No effort has been spared to gather together the finest aggregation of warrantable goods at close prices ever shown in Canada. Extra preparations are now being made for the reception of a shipment of

Special Easter Novelties

expected soon, which will contain some very late ideas, specially in Millinery and Mantles, worth while waiting for, as they will represent the very last possible touch obtainable from the headquarters of style for the world.

MAIL ORDERS are given thorough and careful attention.

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INVITATION CARDS

AT HOME AFTERNOON TEA DINNER, &c., &c., &c. For prices get our Handbook of Styles and Prices. Free on application. Bain Book Co., 53 King East, Toronto

TIDY The Florist

has the finest line of Roses, Carnations, Lilies-of-the-Valley, Violets, Easter Lilies, and all other seasonable flowers in Canada for the EASTER TRADE. Out of town orders carefully packed in wooden boxes and safe arrival guaranteed.

Our King Street Conservatory will be crowded with Easter Lilies, Azaleas Palms and Ferns.

ORDER EARLY.

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**Cook's Turkish Baths** Are the finest in Canada, having all the latest appliances, and perfect in their appointments. The sleeping accommodation for the night bathers is the finest on this continent. Thoroughly experienced attendants for ladies and gentlemen. Masseur, Masseuse and Chiroprapist all in attendance. 754 King St. West. T. T. COOK, Prop. Late Prop. Montreal Turkish Baths.

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Wines and Whiskies FOR Medicinal Use 567 YONGE STREET TELEPHONE 3089

Eggs for Easter

An interesting display of Easter Eggs in Chocolate, Nougat and Sugar also. Fancy baskets and novelties, suitable for Easter gifts.

GEO. S. McCONKEY 27 & 29 King St. W. Caterer and Confectioner

any horticultural subject. There are also exhibitions of flowers in season.

The Society meets the first Tuesday in each month in St. George's Hall, and the public are always cordially invited. If you have missed the April meeting, make a memo that will remind you of the one in May. A prospectus of the Society will be mailed to any address on application to the president, Mr. J. McP. Ross, 404 Queen street east, or to the secretary-treasurer, Mr. C. E. Chambers, City Hall.

Pete—Jim, do you know the height of impudence? Jim—I don't know the interpretation of the word impudence. Pete—Well, it is taking shelter in an umbrella shop during a thunderstorm.

A Banquet and Presentation.

The Mendelssohn Choir has had an enviable experience, for when it decided to disband it had a record of success and a surplus. That it has always had a surplus is somewhat unusual, and that it should disband while its financial success had been always encouraging was more so. On Monday evening the Choir formally made its exit by tendering a banquet to its conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, and to its friends—a most successful affair held in the hall of the Confederation Life building. After the banquet a fine programme of music and speeches was given, and Mr. Vogt was presented with a beautiful grandfather's clock. One of the most interesting features of the evening was the singing of a couple of pieces by the Mendelssohn Choir itself—a final and a fine performance.

The clock presented to Mr. Vogt was a peculiarly fine piece of workmanship by Ryrie Bros. The case was of polished mahogany, showing Mr. Vogt's monogram carved in high relief on the base, whilst a lyre, French horn and other appropriate musical features were also introduced in the carving. The movement is the best English make, chiming upon eight bells and five gongs, whilst the dial is of ornamented brass and silver with Arabic dial figures in relief.

The Speaking of French.

**I**S French spoken well outside France? The Paris correspondent of London *Truth* thinks not. The best samples of exotic French I can think of were furnished by old Canadians of Quebec; but it was French as spoken in the eighteenth century. Geneva and Lausanne French of the present day is good enough for English youths to learn. It will enable them to understand a conversation in a Paris drawing-room. But it is quite different from what they might hear there. French was very well taught in Belgium when that city was the abiding-place of French exiles. That was during the greater part of Napoleon III.'s reign. The *Independence Belge* absorbed the best talents France could furnish. Its pulpy days were in the eighteen years of the Second Empire. It still keeps up a certain Parisian style. But some of its chief rivals are not at that trouble. Nothing amuses me more than to read their smart—or would-be smart—articles. I was first in Brussels when Sardon's *Patrie* was coming out there under the patronage of Victor Hugo and the Duc d'Aumale. In regard to French conversation, Brussels was then better off than Paris. There was freer speech, and the Frenchmen of brilliant parts were endless. But in recent visits I have been greatly struck by the alteration both in the spoken and the written French of that city.

Commodore Decatur and Bill.

The little Brooklyn boy who offered his entire fortune of forty-eight cents to President McKinley to buy a warship to replace the Maine, had a predecessor in the War of 1812. He is known in history simply as "Billy," and was only nine years old. He was the only son of a widow, and the crew of Captain Decatur's frigate United States had adopted him. When the Macedonian hove in sight, the little fellow stepped up to Commodore Decatur.

"And it please you, captain," he said, "I wish my name might be put down on the roll."

"And what for, my lad?" enquired the commander.

"So that I can draw a share of the prize-money, sir," answered he. Pleased with the spirit of the little hero, his name was ordered on the list. After the prize was taken, Decatur called up the little sailor-boy.

"Well, Bill," said he, "we have taken her, and your share of the prize, if we get her safe in. Will be about two hundred dollars. What will you do with it?" "I'll send one-half of it to my mother, sir, and the other half shall send me to school."

Delighted with the spirit of the lad, the commodore took him under his immediate protection, and obtained for him the berth of a midshipman.

An Accomplished Corpse.

A curious official notice of a suicide who has drowned himself in the Rhine is to be found in a Dutch paper, says the *London Globe*. After offering a reward for the recovery of the body, the police gave the following description: "Aze, about forty. Height, 5ft. 8in. Speaks the dialect of Gelderland." We presume that dialect is one of the dead languages.

She—Are even your thoughts true to me? He—Yes, indeed! Whenever I kiss another girl I try to imagine it is you I'm kissing.

"I notice you never try to shine in conversation." "Well, no. The fact is, I am kept busy all the time trying to conceal my ignorance."

Foreman—There are two columns of advertising space left unoccupied. Editor—Then put in: "Watch this space in our next issue!"

A—Just look at that fellow on the bicycle, will you? Why on earth does he stoop so? B—He must be trying to put his shoulder to the wheel.

Jelly "Quick as a Wink"

Lazenby's Jelly Tablets are made of absolutely pure ingredients. The flavors are rich, strong, true to nature. All you have to do when you want a table jelly in a hurry for dessert is to drop one tablet into hot water—stir—set away to cool. Almost—if not quite "quick as a wink." Progressive grocers sell them.

Carleton... Opera Company

Messrs. Hooper & Co. GENTLEMEN.—I desire to express my high opinion of the efficacy of your *Licensed, Liqueur and Chlorodyne Throat Tablets*. I consider them the most effective remedy I have used in many years, both for allaying irritation of the mucous membrane and bronchial tubes, and also as a stimulant and tonic to the vocal chords. To a singer or public speaker they are more than valuable, and far superior to many troches which have possibly more reputation, but certainly lack the immediate relief-giving qualities which I find in your tablets. You are at liberty to make any use of this note which you may deem desirable, as I am really grateful for the benefit I have received from using the two boxes I purchased of you.

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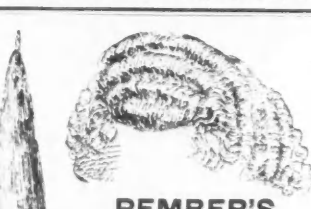
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## THE MAN FROM ROME.

BY MAX PEMBERTON,

Author of "Christine of the Hills," "A Puritan's Wife," "The Iron Pirate," &c.

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OUR balconies lay as close together as two peas in a pod. I used to tell myself sometimes that it would be the easiest thing in the world to step across the intervening balustrade of marble and to sit at the feet of Bianca. But then—I did not know her, and even in Italy there is a law which sanctifies other people's balconies.

I did not know Bianca, certainly; she was an utter stranger to me. It is true that there were days when we sat long, interchanging those fugitive messages which only a great sympathy can compel the eyes to speak. Then I would say as plainly as possible, "You are a pretty child, worthy of this Venice which gave you birth." She in turn would drop the needles from her hands to answer mutely, "I am perfectly aware of that, but we are strangers." At other times she would turn her back upon the house of Caldogni where I lodged, and never once the long day through remember that an Englishman had come to the Rio di San Lorenzo. Those were the moments when I decided that Bianca's hair was red and that her age was twenty.

I had been in Venice a month, sent there by a far-seeing editor in London to describe for him the precise circumstances under which Orso Cioegna, the tool of Crispi, was to be assassinated by the workmen of the Arsenal. The errand was not a little remarkable, inasmuch as Orso was still alive and very active in reforming those abuses which Rome declared were spoiling the four thousand five hundred workmen in the ship-building yards. But we knew that such a state of things could not last. Your Italian laborer accepts to mean in politics. If he be in accord with you, he will rend the air with vivas. If he differ from you, there is the stiletto. In this case his difference of opinion with the agent of the Government was so pronounced that it did not require a deep prophetic insight to foretell the result. We were sorry for Orso—that was all. We had his obituary notices ready, so to speak; and I was sent to Venice to round off the corners, being reminded by my editor that time is money.

This is a sentiment which has always seemed to me wrong to the point of exasperation. Time which is money is no time at all. Sitting upon my balcony, with Bianca's dark eyes flashing upon me ever and anon like a welcome search-light from the sea, I found it an absurd conclusion. And, after all, I could not hasten things at the Arsenal. Impossible for me to urge upon the four thousand five hundred malcontents the necessity of despatching their enemy quickly in order that I might finish my article and return to London; futile to assure my chief in answer to his repeated question, "What are you doing?" that I was sitting at the feet of Bianca. Love's labor lost can be of no possible interest to your news editor—unless it be lost in the Divorce Court.

Bianca used to come out on her balcony at ten o'clock in the morning. I do not care to be forestalled by a woman; and for that reason alone was ever at my own window at a quarter before the hour. A mere observer might have thought our mute courtesies ridiculous. She with her knitting, I with my books and letters—we bowed gravely and took our places. Had Bianca chosen the evening hour for so pleasant an occupation, it is possible that we should have bridged the distance between the balconies more swiftly. As it was, I waited a month for the occasion, and owed it at last to the wind; to a life-giving sweet breeze of spring, making little waves lap against the rim of the house, casting blossoms from the gardens upon the pure air, above all blowing a paper from the hand of Bianca straight upon my balcony. Admirable wind. We were discussing the world and each other before the minute-hand upon my watch had come around again.

"A hundred thanks, Signore."

"Per nulla. I thank the breeze, Signorina."

"You are staying long in Venice, Signor?"

"I drew my chair to the balustrade and leaned upon it."

"As long as my friends, new and old, remain here, Signorina."

"You love my city?"

"Oh, Signorina, can you ask me that—when I am talking to you?"

She blushed deeply, the color showing even under her rich dark skin. In that moment I altered my opinion about Bianca's hair. It was not red, but auburn. And her age could not have been more than eighteen.

"Love Venice!" I continued presently, seeing that she had no word of answer to my compliment. "Is not that to love all the color of life, to know all the joy of life, to be carried out of the world to the islands of rest? Indeed, I love Venice beyond any city I have seen, and could be very content, Signorina, to live and die here."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"You think so now," she said, "but wait a month, a year. The color you speak of will be faded then; the sirocco will blow; you will be like a caged bird that would lift its wings and fly across the waters. I am in Venice always, and I know. My life is all rest, and I hear nothing but the bells and the sound of the waters. I have no mother, Signor."

She spoke pathetically, looking dreamily away to the old bridge and the green garden beyond. The role of comforter is pleasing to a man; the word of sympathy is easy to be found.

"Nevertheless," said I, "there must be many in the city to love Bianca."

She laughed, tossing her curls back upon her pretty shoulders.

"Indeed," she said, "there is only my

father, and he is at the Arsenal all day. You have heard of Silvestro Celsi, Signore! They call him Silvestro the Magnificent, and he is worthy of it. I have his love always—but he has no time except for his books and his papers. He goes with the sun and comes with the night. I sit here all day, and imagine what it must be to cross the mountains and see the world beyond. The house is my prison, and the old dame, Nina, is my jailer."

"For the moment," said I, anxious to console her; "but you are very young yet, and the day will come when your father will take you to see the world. Who knows, it may be this year, next year—he may bring you to Paris or to my own city, London—and then. You will remember my name if you come to London, Signorina?"

She looked up at me with her pretty eyes.

"I will never forget, yet how shall I believe what you say? Oh! it will not be this year, when all the day the laborers starve and my father weeps for them, and the man from Rome grows more cruel every day. You have heard of the man from Rome, Signore?"

"I am here to get news of him?"

She started at this, looking at me with a little suspicion. It occurred to me that the admirable wind had done me a second service. Perfectly possible now to write to my editor and to say, "I am sitting at the feet of Bianca hearing news of the man from Rome." And so I listened with ready ears when Bianca spoke again.

"Why should you interest yourself in Orso Cioegna?" she asked. "Have you not heard what cruel things he has done at the Arsenal? My father cannot sleep at night for thinking of them. He fears that the workmen will lose patience and kill the man who has brought such trouble upon them. Why do you wish for news of him?"

I turned the question as adroitly as possible.

"Your father's sympathies are with the men, Signorina?"

"How could they be otherwise, Signore? Is he not their best friend? For thirty years now they have called him father. Will he cease to befriend them at the word of a stranger? Do not think that. Though he lose all else in the world, it will not be the affection of his children."

"Then he does not love the man from Rome?"

Her dark eyes flashed at the suggestion. I said to myself that if the fate of Orso Cioegna lay in her hands a few hours would carry me out of Venice.

"Love him—Holy Virgin, what a thought! Yet what can he do? He is the servant of the Government and must obey. All day long he asks the men to be patient, and they listen to him. Oh, Signore, if Orso Cioegna is killed, my father will be ruined, and we shall live in Venice no more."

There were tears of affection and pity in her eyes. It was sweet employment to comfort her—then, and later in the day, when returning from my habitual quest of news, I found her at sunset still upon the balcony. Admirable wind of night! It played gently with the curls of Bianca, tossing them about in its embrace until they seemed to touch my face like rain of silken threads. No longer did the balustrade thrust carved obstacles between us. She, on her side, resting her pretty arms upon the timeworn marble, I, on mine, bending down so that my lips could almost brush her ears, made that swift sudden friendship, possible only in a land where sunshine is in the heart of the people and love in their eyes. Pretty Bianca! I said then that her hair was of the purest gold, that her hand was the softest in all Italy.

"Your father has not returned, little one?"

"He is very late to-night," she said; "sunset should bring him back to me. Nina set supper an hour ago, and yet he has not come. I fear to think about it, Signore; I fear to ask myself what has kept him."

I took her hand in mine and laughed at her foreboding.

"What could keep him but the business of the day? Was not I at the Arsenal an hour ago to learn that all was well? It is the night which makes you fear, little one. I know the feeling well—a gray light upon the waters and a gray light above. That is the time for dreaming of misfortunes which never happen. To-morrow when the sun shines you will forget it all. Let us talk of other things—of our friendship. You will remember that, Bianca?"

She answered me prettily, letting her hand rest in mine and forgetting to draw back her face even when my lips touched the curls of her golden hair.

"I could not forget that," she said; "you will be the friend of my father also, Signore! There is no one in Venice who does not love my father; there is no one so clever as he. All the great ships which sail out of Venice are his work. He is stronger than the King, for he has made his country great."

I had not the heart to rebuke her childish idea of Italy with a word of naked truth; and, for the matter of that, the cleverness of old Silvestro, who was one of the constructors at the Arsenal, was proverbial among those who build ships.

"Indeed," said I, "it will be a great honor and privilege to know your father. If I mistake not, younder is his gondola. I heard the splash of an oar some minutes ago."

It was full dark now, but the light from the windows of the canal enabled us to distinguish the black shape of a gondola shooting to the steps of Silvestro's house. Little Bianca gave a cry of joy when she saw it, and ran instantly to the room to welcome her father. I saw her cast her

arms about his neck, and exclaimed upon that restricting custom which denies a similar greeting to mere friendship. It would be sweet, I thought, to hold Bianca as old Silvestro then held her. And I was sure that she could not be sixteen years old.

There was but one lamp upon the super-table at which father and daughter sat, and it was shaded. None the less it enabled me to observe closely the features of the shipbuilder for whom Venice had so great a love. A man who had attained the allotted span, I said to myself; a man with a white beard so long that it covered his vest as he sat; a man of rugged force, of face slightly Greek in mould, yet feminine in the kindness of the eye. A silent man, too, answering Bianca's chatter with monosyllables; a man upon whom the cares of life pressed heavily so that he ate with no appetite, but when he had tasted of the dishes set lovingly before him, came upon his balcony to drink a glass of red wine and to smoke the cursed cheroot which Austria still sends to Venice. It was then that Bianca presented me to him—with a pretty childish formality which made us friends at once.

"Signore, here is my father; he can answer all your questions. Father, here is my English friend."

The old man laughed, but I saw that his eyes were reading me closely. I was glad that pretty Bianca introduced me as her friend, and I hastened to speak to old Silvestro of my business.

"I am correspondent of an English newspaper," said I, "and I came to Venice to learn all about the troubles at the Arsenal. It seems that good fortune has made me the neighbor of one who is the best of authorities. It is not necessary to come to Venice to know the fame of Silvestro Celsi, Signore."

He laughed again, silencing me with a gesture of the hand.

"Truly," he exclaimed, "it was not necessary to come to Venice to understand our trouble at the Arsenal. Have you not laborers in your own country? Assuredly you have, and their humanity is our humanity—neither more nor less. Give them thorns when they ask for figs—and there is your problem."

"It being understood that figs are their wage."

"Exactly. I am no dutiful son of the priests; but I do not forget that the Master of all workmen taught us that man shall not live by bread alone. Here, in Italy, our children would be glad enough if their bread were assured to them. We are very poor, Signore—and the end is not yet. God knows what we must suffer before the days of our prosperity return to us. If you have any message from Venice to our countrymen, let it be this—that in our poverty we do not forget England and her friendship. And may your judgment be not hasty whatever the days may bring."

"You fear a crisis, Signore Celsi?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"He who takes meat from the dog must beware of the dog's teeth, Signore. That is exactly what our Government is doing to-day. The men are starving in the yards while the law is feeding them with exhortations of patience. Does a man lend a willing ear to an exhortation like that when his children cry for bread? You know that he does not."

"In that case your man from Rome would do well to try a change of air?" I suggested.

I express no opinion," he said, somewhat curtly. "I pray God that that harm may befall him."

It was plain to me that he did not wish to continue the discussion, and I turned to other subjects, sitting with him until the moonlight shone white and glorious upon the canal, and all the palaces were as temples of silver and of jewels. I found, to my pleasure, that he was ready to encourage my friendship for little Bianca, seeming content indeed that she should make a friend after the custom of the English, for whom he had so great a regard. It was pathetic to witness his affection for the child, his fear that the day would come when she would lack the love he gave to her so generously.

"She has no one else," he would say, "and I am an old man. Age is very cruel, Signore, when it is linked to youth in the bonds of a father's love."

It was midnight when we left our balconies, and twelve hours passed before I saw little Bianca again. A long letter to London upon the business of the Arsenal kept me at my desk almost until daybreak. Thereafter, I slept heavily until the musical bells of the city were tolling the Angelus. A little to my chagrin, Bianca was not at her window when I opened mine as usual; but when I had read through my papers and letters, she came tripping to the balustrade and blurted out her news.

"He is coming here to-day—to-night," she cried gladly.

"You mean the man from Rome?"

"Who else should come? Have you not heard? They tried to kill him yesterday when he was leaving the Arsenal. My father says that there is only one house in Venice which can shelter him. And so he is coming here."

"You think he will be safe at the Palazzo Celsi?"—that was the name of Bianca's house—"you think that he will consent to become a prisoner?"

She tossed her hair—it was auburn hair this morning—back upon her pretty shoulders.

"My father's house is a sanctuary," she said proudly. "Signor Orso will be as safe here as in his palace at Rome."

"Let us trust so," I replied dubiously, "if only for your father's sake."

"Oh, indeed, for his sake I wish it," she exclaimed, and I saw that tears misted her eyes again. "He has not slept for three days, Signore; he left the house this morning without a word to me."

The sunlight falling generously upon the canal forbade that I should comfort her then. It was not until the man from Rome had come to her house and was held in talk by her father that she ventured again upon the balcony, and sat by me to tell me of the day's work. And while she talked I could see the others; the old shipbuilder, worn and anxious and heavy-eyed; the young man whom Crispi had sent, pale and nervous, and apprehensive even in the sanctuary of Silvestro's house. Thirty years he had lived, I judged—a weak man strong in another's authority. Nor could I help but ask myself if he would ever leave Venice alive. Had not a thousand men sworn to kill him? Your Venetian does not forget an oath like this.

It was a callous view, but I began to regard this man as a hare that is hunted. There was something almost stimulating in the idea that, at many a dark place, men watched, dagger in hand, to reckon with the enemy. To-day, to-morrow—would Orso Cioegna be alive then? And was old Silvestro honest in his desire to protect him? I had doubts even of that.

"I will save my people," the shipbuilder had said to me. But how were they to be saved while the man from Rome lived among them? That he would go I never believed. His great square chin and bulging temples forbade the assumption. To intellectual blindness he added a determination born of ignorance. I was sure that he would remain in the city; I was equally sure that he would die there.

It may be that in this assumption there was the keen anticipation of the journalist who has heard the view halloo. Certainly, Orso Cioegna seemed secure from danger so long as he was under old Silvestro's roof. Cowed for the moment by the attack already made upon him, he never left the house for three days; and when again he went to the Arsenal, the police boat carried him there. For my part, I did not care how long the comedy or tragedy might last. Was there not little Bianca and the moonlight upon the water and the admirable wind to toss her curls against my cheeks? And what matter if the future were dark? There were moments when I said that I would dare even to carry this bewitching little Italian girl back to England as my wife. I made mention of her in letters to my friends; began to reckon up the possibilities and the problems of housekeeping—I who had never lived in a house when an hotel was to be found, or lingered in any city a day longer than the employment of the hour demanded. That she would return with me, I was sure. Though she protested that she would never leave her father, there was love in the protest. And the message of her eyes, spoken again and again upon the balcony, needed no dictionary to translate. She trembled when my lips touched hers—she lay still as a frightened thing when I held her in my arms.

A week passed in this pleasure of love and doubt. I began to think that I must speak plainly to old Celsi—to whom I thought my hopes would not be unwell come. It seemed to me, when he shut his eyes to our delicious nights upon the balcony, that he was blind with good intent. Perhaps he was glad that someone would take his daughter away from the trouble and uncertainty then hovering upon his house. Be this as it may, the night was rare when he left his room to intrude upon the delights of our privacy. He, and Orso the doomed, would spend the hours in earnest indifference, as oblivious of the two who watched the dark waters outside as though they had never lived. I said that the old shipbuilder was an utter mystery. And there is but one thing to do with a mystery—it is to ask him to dinner.

The feast was to be upon the fifteenth day after I had first spoken to Bianca. I determined, after consultation with my Italian servant, Ottone, to give it in my own rooms. The man from Rome would come then and I could turn him into articles. I knew that he would not consent to dine at a restaurant, for he had become afraid of the night, afraid to show himself at the windows of old Silvestro's house lest a spy, lurking on the canal below, should shoot him as he stood. But in my room he would be safe. And Ottone was an excellent servant. Serve a dinner! He swore by St. Mark that no such banquet should have been held in Venice. I, on my part, looked forward with no little pleasure to the surprise prepared for pretty Bianca. A ring of diamonds and rubies, a rope of pearls for her little neck, burnt holes in my pocket the long day through. Would she laugh or cry when my fingers were upon the clasp? Would the jewels make the eyes she knew how to use so well?

We had fixed our dinner for the evening of Sunday. There had been unbroken

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sunshine since the dawn, a day full of the glory of an Italian spring. You heard the barcarolli's love-songs from many a dark waterway when night fell. There was music of bells floating over a lagoon, a vision of distant islands canopied with young leaves, of whitened mountains crowned with lustrous lights, of a horizon now infinitely blue, now crimson, now dim with the glory of the purple arcs of evening. When, at last, the sun sank below Chioggia and the rolling mists settled upon the lagoon, a sea of fleecy billows was spangled with the fleck of the moon's rays; a golden sea danced to the music of the wind. This was the hour when old Silvestro should have come to me. The great clock had struck eight; the flowers were white and odorless upon my table; the lights fell soft upon the crystal flasks of ruby wine. We lacked only our guests.

The clock struck a quarter past eight and still old Silvestro did not come. Twice I went out upon my balcony to peer into his room; but neither he nor Bianca was there. Orso, the man from Rome, appeared to be the only occupant of the chamber. He was writing at a table when first I saw him; he was still writing when the clock struck a quarter past the hour. Had he not been a stranger to me, I might have spoken a word through the window to ask of his host and of Bianca. As it was, I began to think the whole circumstance one of the strangest I had known. Here was dinner ready to be served, Ottone ready to serve it, the candles lighted, the flasks uncorked—yet of those for whom all this was done there was no sign. I asked myself if they played some jest; I said that Bianca would come running up the stairs presently, breathless and panting apologies. The clock struck nine and still my dinner waited.

The last note of the bell had scarce gone echoing over the water when I called to Ottone, meaning to send him, for the second time, across to old Celsi's house. It was evident now that something had happened. The fact of the man Orso writing diligently at the table perplexed me. But this perplexity was as nothing to the strange suspicion and dread which possessed me when, upon calling for my servant, I had no answer. The man had vanished as mysteriously as Bianca and her father. Though the stairs echoed my summons, echo was the only answer vouchsafed to me. I was alone with the candles and the flowers and the gaudy draperies of the feast.

There are some situations in life, situations of danger or of peril, which a man refuses to take seriously. I have known one or two in the course of a changing career, but none which seemed to me, at first thought, so ridiculous as the one I faced that night in Venice.

Convinced, on reflection, that little Bianca had contrived a jest, and having the poorest appreciation of its excellence, I determined to go myself into her house and to seek for her. I thought it strange no longer that the man from Rome should be writing at his table. That was a part of their plot. I said that little Bianca was watching me when I entered the great room and walked across it to speak to him whose name was then upon every tongue in Venice. I could hear, in fancy, her sweet laughter when, standing a little way from the man's chair, I spoke to him—once.

I say once—for, in truth, I had scarcely spoken the word of greeting when it changed upon my lips to an exclamation of woe and horror. In that moment I saw that Orso Cioegna had written his last letter; the hand which held the pen in dreadful derision was stiff and powerless; the eyes

which looked down upon the paper would see no more; the head which had fallen forward upon the breast would never again be raised. The Man from Rome was dead, and the stiletto with which they had stabbed him was still in his body.

For some instants I stood, almost blinded by the sight of the grim figure, still and white and rigid in death. There was no sound in all the Palazzo Celsi to stir my feet or break the spell. I heard the waters lapping outside, the distant cry of a boatman, the music of a voice; but in that room Death reigned and no voice answered. And then I recalled the words of old Silvestro, "I will save my people. And I thought that he had kept his pro-

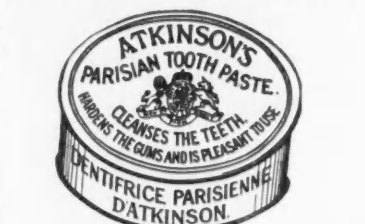
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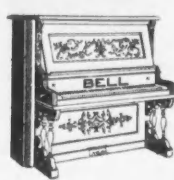
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She—He kissed me, and then I told him to tell no one. He—And what did he do? "Why, it wasn't two minutes before he repeated it."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs are extremely frequent in this climate, and their danger lies in the opinion too often entertained that they will wear themselves out. That they do not and that hundreds are being hurried in consequence to untimely graves is one of the most patent facts of our existence. The only rational treatment is to employ Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, a preparation of inestimable value in all pulmonary complaints. In addition to supplying the oil in a form in which it may easily be assimilated and without disturbing the stomach, it represents the nutritive properties of wheat, oats and barley, and is therefore a reconstructive and tissue former of eminent value. These are rendered digestible and capable of replacing the wastes of the body. This is Nature's own method. Try Maltine with Cod Liver Oil.

mise to his children and that Venice would see him no more.

It is a year ago now since I saw Bianca Celsi. Idle to say that the events of the terrible night had been blotted from my mind or that I did not think often with feelings of a deep and lasting affection of the little Italian girl whose love I had won during those happy weeks in Venice. But I had no thought of Bianca that night in March when, chancing to pass the gaunt Italian church in Hatton Garden, I felt a hand upon my shoulder and turned around to see an ill-dressed pitiful creature regarding me with wistful eyes.

"You forget me, Signore," she cried, in broken English. "Oh, but I shall remember always. Do not turn from me—we are not what you think—it was another who killed Orso Cicogna."

"Another!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, "your servant Ottone—he had a brother at the Arsenal. We did not know then—but now, God pity us, it is too late."

The woman, for such Bianca had become, released my arm and darted across the street. The dim light of evening soon hid her from my sight, but not before I had seen her take the hand of an old man who waited for her, and lead him into the shadows.

And as the woman went I shuddered to think that I had once held her in my arms.

THE END.

AN UP TO DATE PATIENT. A story of a Hospital Nurse, by L. T. MEADE, will be published in this paper next week.

### From Pain to Health.

The Remarkable Case of John Henderson of Deseronto Junction.

Almost Helpless From Sciatic Rheumatism, the Effects of Which Shattered His constitution. He Thought Death Not Far Off When Friendly Aid Placed Within His Reach the Means of Recovery.

From the Deseronto Tribune.

It will be remembered that during the past winter reference was several times made in the "Personal" column of the *Tribune* to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel road, Township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It was said that but very little hope was entertained of his recovery, as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming in to Deseronto market, when asked how he was, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district.

Hearing that his recovery was alleged to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the *Tribune* set out to discover if this rumor could be authenticated. Having reached Mr. Henderson's residence, the reporter found no one at home except the hired boy, who informed him that Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Napanee. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved or he would not have undertaken such a long drive in the raw weather of early spring. The boy having said that his master would be back about two o'clock, the reporter waited for a personal interview. In a short time the team was observed coming along the road. When it drew up at the house Mr. Henderson, being told the object of the reporter's mission, stated that the rumor was correct, his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and distressing character. The physicians in attendance did their best and would for a time succeed in alleviating the pain and he would for a short time regain strength. But the disease would reassert itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease which sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain—he grew weaker and weaker and at last despaired of life itself. He was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn, and was only able to move about a little when not confined to his bed. At this juncture, Mr. Ravin, the station master at Deseronto Junction, who no doubt recalled the wonderful cure of Mr. Wager by the use of the famous medicine, as reported some time since in the *Tribune*, recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and volunteered to send for a quantity if Mr. Henderson would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Ravin procured for him a half dozen boxes. He tried a box, but with little discernible effect. He, however, kept on using the pills, and after taking six boxes, found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily, the pain disappeared, he regained strength, and, as he expressed it, "I am now able to be about, feel quite strong, can attend to all departments of my work as well as ever, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." To the *Tribune* reporter Mr. Henderson appeared a strong, vigorous man, whom to see was sufficient proof of the story of his remarkable recovery.

A Glens Falls teacher was trying to impress on the class the lessons of Washington's Birthday, and among other questions she asked: "If the Southern Confederacy had succeeded, what would Washington have been the father of?" "Twins," was the prompt reply of one of the boys.—*New York Tribune*.

James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, says: "I am continually haunted by the fear that my trunk will be lost, so I go about the country with a grip. In case there is ever a fearful railway accident and among the debris is a valise with an arm attached to it firmly, they may bury it, without further identification, as the fragments of the Hoosier poet."

### A Person and a Picture.

The Century.

THE field was yellow and brown; behind the stone wall was another field full of blackberries and sweet fern, and then came black pine-trees and a blue sky.

I had come out to watch Louis Riel paint a picture. Louis, as you know, is a very great artist, who is asked to decorate libraries, go to dinners, and all that; and it is considered no end of a fine thing to be allowed to see him paint. But why he wished to paint the things I have described puzzled me, and I said so.

"To begin with," said Louis, "the subject is absolutely nothing; and secondly, I can make anything out of nothing" (Louis values himself); "and in the third place, when a man lives by doing certain things, he must do those things when he receives a remunerative offer from somebody else."

"To be sure," said I; "but who in goodness wants a picture of two ugly fields and some ugly pine-trees?" "That is a question I decline to answer," said Louis; "but I will tell you why the person wants the picture."

"Go ahead," said I; "will the person be sane?"

"The person," said Louis, "is a particular friend of mine. Do you mind picking up that brush? I can't bend over without upsetting things. Thanks. Well, the person is a very particular friend of mine."

"As you were saying," said I.

"Do you care to hear the story?" said Louis.

"How long is it?" I asked.

"Because, whether you want to hear it or not, I'm going to tell it to you for the mere pleasure of hearing myself talk."

"Oh, very well," said I, lying back comfortably in the grass.

"You must listen, though," said Louis, "because it's a very sentimental story."

"It began about ten years ago to-day. It was in the afternoon—the person, my friend, said it was in the afternoon—that he first came to this field. He never told me why he came, and it doesn't make any difference, but he came; and he sat on that stone wall—just the part I'm doing now; and while he sat on the stone wall a girl came into the next field to pick blackberries."

"A girl," said I; "think of it!"

"She was a very pretty girl," continued Louis, "because the person is one of the best judges in the world, and he told me so. She was just eighteen."

"How old was the person?" I asked.

"Fifty?"

"The person was just twenty-two."

"And you're thirty-two—and it was ten years ago. Go on."

Louis paid no attention.

"The person," said he, "talked with the girl, and helped her pick blackberries."

"Most improper," said I. "Who was the girl?"

"She was a farmer's daughter, and she taught school in winter."

"And talked with anybody that came along," said I.

"The person was very good-looking," said Louis, squeezing out some ultra-marine.

"Go on," said I.

"And he came to the field every day till the end of his vacation."

"Did the blackberries last?" I asked.

"There were many blackberries," said Louis; "and when the person left there were still a few on the vines."

"Tell me more about before the person left."

"The person was very young and foolish; in fact—"

"He asked her to marry him?"

"He asked her to marry him."

"And she said she would?"

"Yes, she said she would; but she said he must wait a year to see if he still cared about her."

"The results of higher education," said I. Louis shrugged his shoulders, pityingly.

"Was the person allowed to see her during the year?" I asked.

"No, he was not; and he was to write only at the very end of it."

"Sensible girl! I have money that says he never wrote."

"It's mine, then, because he did."

"Well, what happened?"

"She didn't answer."

"The person was playing in great luck," said I.

"The person came down by the first train, and they told him that the girl and her family had gone away to visit an aunt, or something; and as they didn't know where the aunt lived, the person couldn't follow."

"Well?" I asked.

"The person went abroad with his family, and wrote several times, and got no answer; and that's all. Only he wants a picture of the place, and so I am painting it for him."

"The girl is probably married to some lusty farmer," said I.

"I think the girl is dead," said he.

Louis turned his head to one side, the better to see what he had done.

"She must have been very unhappy after the person left," said I. "What do you suppose she did?"

"I imagine she picked the rest of the blackberries."

"Of course," said I. "I'm going to sleep."

Louis went on painting, and I watched him between half-closed lids.

I saw him turn pale and drop his brush.

"What's the matter?" I asked hurriedly.

"Look! It's she!"

I raised myself till I could see over the stone wall. A woman was beginning to pick blackberries into a tin pail.

"How do you know it's she?" I asked; "you never saw her."

"Of course not; but I think it is. I'm going to ask."

"Oh, yes, the person her name?"

"Yes; the person told me."

Louis ran, and leaned over the stone wall.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "are you Mildred Bartlette?"

"Not any more," said the woman, and went on picking blackberries.

Louis came and stood before his picture, and he looked from it to the sky.

"I think the light is not very good," said he; "let's push along."

We walked on in silence for some time.

"Are you going to finish the picture?" I asked.

"I think I shall not finish it," said he.

"But the person who ordered it?" I objected.

"He is a very particular friend of mine, and if I tell him he doesn't want it, why, he will understand that I mean it for his good."

"Yes," said I; "what's the use of roses and lavender?"

We walked on in silence for some time.

"Do you suppose the woman is still picking blackberries?" I asked.

"She was when I last saw her," said Louis; "but I'm very sure he spoke without thinking."

GOVERNEUR MORRIS, JR.

IF

If I were rich, to Klondike I would go. I'd buy a wheel and ride there on the snow.

If I were rich. But, no! Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich, in Klondike I would buy The richest claims, thence would my fortune fly.

If I were rich. But, no! Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich, in Klondike I would build A mansion fair; each turret I should gild—

If I were rich. But, no! Fate will not have it so!

Should gild it o'er with glistening gold, I found Before me lying on the pregnant ground.

If I were rich. But, no! Fate will not have it so!

And with my little love from lands afar, In peace I'd live beneath the northern star.

If I were rich. But, no! Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich! Ah, me! What would we do? My little love and I beneath the blue.

If I were rich. But, no! Fate, cruel Fate, demands it so!

Farwell, fond hopes—farewell, fond youthful dreams, My little love and I must part, it seems.

If I were rich—were rich. But, no! Fate, cruel Fate, demands it so!

Toronto, April, '98. W. E. DYER.

Many Were Great, But None Happy.

History gives sixty-eight sentimental surnames to Emperors and Kings whom it chronicles. For instance: Charles VIII. of France had the *alias* appellation of "the affable;" Philippe I. of France, that of "the amorous;" Alphonse XI. of Leon and Castile, "the avenger;" Victor Emmanuel, "regalantissimo," etc., etc. Many potentates are ranked by history under the same *alias*. Eight are "good" forty-one are "great," seven are "conquerors," two "cruel," two "fair," and four "far." But none is surnamed "the happy."

### Roast Pigs on a Grave.

Calcutta Englishman.

A sensational day among Chinamen in Calcutta was the anniversary of the death of one of their high priests who died and was buried many years ago at Atchipur, one of the Hughli River stations. About a thousand Chinamen went to Atchipur by steamer, and at the grave a priest chanted prayers and burned reams of joss-paper.

A quantity of Chinese delicacies, including several roasted pigs, were placed on the grave, and the air was filled with the sound of crackers. The jackals must have had a royal feast on the departure of the pilgrims.

You don't really know how cold-blooded and heartless the members of your family are unless you wake up with a pain in the night and they sleep on.—*Atchison Globe*.

Little Hans (to Karl).—Look here, Karl; we must be very naughty to-day, so that we can promise on papa's birthday to-morrow that we will be better.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

In former days—in coffee houses—a box was attached to the wall, shaped like the usual alms, or collection boxes of to-day, and over it was the legend, "To Insure Promptness." This, in course of time, became represented by T. I. P., and hence the modern "tip."

Saved from the Surgeon's Knife

A Husband Tells How his Wife Was Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills—They Were the Last Resort Before an Operation.

Mr. W. B. Aiken, a well known and respected resident of Zephyr, Ont., states in the following language how Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cured his wife and rescued her from suffering: "I take pleasure in stating for the benefit of others who have suffered in the same way, the great benefit derived by my wife in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. She had been doctoring with several doctors for inflammation of the bladder for over a year. The last bottle of medicine I got from the doctor, he said if that did not help her she would have to undergo a surgical operation. By a mere chance I was recommended to have her try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I procured a box. She took one that night and another the next morning, and continuing their use, to our great surprise there has not been the slightest return of the pain. It was a marvel to us, and I will never be without a box of those valuable pills in the house."

### The Wabash Railroad.

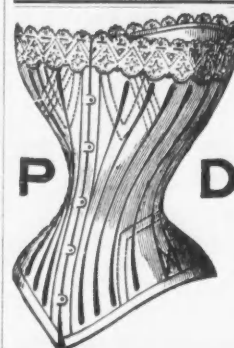
With its new and magnificent train service, is the admiration of Canadian travelers. Its reclining-chair cars are literally palaces on wheels, splendidly upholstered and decorated with the costliest woods. Its chairs, which are free to passengers, can, by the touch of a spring, be placed in any position desired, from a comfortable parlor chair through the various degrees of lounging chairs to a perfect couch. Many prefer these cars to sleeping-cars for night journeys, and for day trips they are the most comfortable and convenient cars that can be devised. Two of these reclining-chair cars are attached to all through trains between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Full particulars from any R. R. agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, Ont.

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DYES ANY MATERIAL  
DYES QUICKLY AND CLEANLY  
DYES AND WASHES AT THE SAME TIME

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## Explorers, Mining Prospectors, Surveyors

Manager—Look here, Mr. Plotz, I believe in realism; but I don't think it is necessary to carry it to such extremes. Author—What is that? Manager—Why, in the second act of this new play of yours the servant is required to break fifty dollars' worth of bric-a-brac every night!—*Puck*.

Brother Goodman—Ah, it grieves me to hear of Brother Hunker's death. We can ill afford to lose such men. Deacon Kinders—It is a great loss, but let us take it philosophically. His widow will now probably furnish the memorial window that we need to complete our set.—*Cleveland Leader*.

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## THE MAN FROM ROME.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Author of "Christine of the Hills," "A Puritan's Wife," "The Iron Pirate," &amp;c.

(Copyrighted, 1898, by Max Pemberton.)

O UR balconies lay as close together as two peas in a pod. I used to tell myself sometimes that it would be the easiest thing in the world to step across the intervening balustrade of marble and to sit at the feet of Bianca. But then—I did not know her, and even in Italy there is a law which sanctifies other people's balconies.

I did not know Bianca, certainly; she was an utter stranger to me. It is true that there were days when we sat long, interchanging those fugitive messages which only a great sympathy can compel the eyes to speak. Then I would say as plainly as possible, "You are a pretty child, worthy of this Venice which gave you birth." She in turn would drop the needles from her hands to answer mutely, "I am perfectly aware of that, but we are strangers." At other times she would turn her back upon the house of Caldogni where I lodged, and never once the long day through remember that an Englishman had come to the Rio do San Lorenzo. Those were the moments when I decided that Bianca's hair was red and that her age was twenty.

I had been in Venice a month, sent there by a far-seeing editor in London to describe for him the precise circumstances under which Orso Cicogna, the tool of Crispi, was to be assassinated by the workmen of the Arsenal. The errand was not a little remarkable, inasmuch as Orso was still alive and very active in reforming those abuses which Rome declared were spoiling the four thousand five hundred workmen in the ship-building yards. But we knew that such a state of things could not last. Your Italian laborer accepts no mean in politics. If he be in accord with you, he will rend the air with vivas. If he differ from you, there is the stiletto. In this case his difference of opinion with the agent of the Government was so pronounced that it did not require a deep prophetic insight to foretell the result. We were sorry for Orso—that was all. We had his obituary notices ready, so to speak; and I was sent to Venice to round off the corners, being reminded by my editor that time is money.

This is a sentiment which has always seemed to me wrong to the point of exasperation. Time which is money is no time at all. Sitting upon my balcony, with Bianca's dark eyes flashing upon me ever and anon like a welcome search-light from the sea, I found it an absurd conclusion. And, after all, I could not hasten things at the Arsenal. Impossible for me to urse upon the four thousand five hundred malcontents the necessity of despatching their enemy quickly in order that I might finish my article and return to London; futile to assure my chief in answer to his repeated question, What are you doing? that I was sitting at the feet of Bianca. Love's labor lost can be of no possible interest to your news editor—unless it be lost in the Divorce Court.

Bianca used to come out on her balcony at ten o'clock in the morning. I do not care to be forestalled by a woman; and for that reason alone was ever at my own window at a quarter before the hour. A mere observer might have thought our mute courtesies ridiculous. She with her knitting, I with my books and letters—we bowed gravely and took our places. Had Bianca chosen the evening hour for so pleasant an occupation, it is possible that we should have bridged the distance between the balconies more swiftly. As it was, I waited a month for the occasion, and owed it at last to the wind; to a life-giving sweet breeze of spring, making little waves lap against the riva of the house, casting blossoms from the gardens upon the pure air, above all blowing a paper from the hand of Bianca straight upon my balcony. Admirable wind. We were discussing the world and each other before the minute-hand upon my watch had come around again.

"A hundred thanks, Signore."

"Per nulla. I thank the breeze, Signorina."

"You are staying long in Venice, Signor?"

I drew my chair to the balustrade and leaned upon it.

"As long as my friends, new and old, remain here, Signorina."

"You love my city?"

"Oh, Signorina, can you ask me that—when I am talking to you?"

She blushed deeply, the color showing even under her rich dark skin. In that moment I altered my opinion about Bianca's hair. It was not red, but auburn. And her age could not have been more than eighteen.

"Love Venice!" I continued presently, seeing that she had no word of answer to my compliment. "Is not that to love all the color of life, to know all the joy of life, to be carried out of the world to the islands of rest? Indeed, I love Venice beyond any city I have seen, and could be very content, Signorina, to live and die here."

She shook her head doubtfully.

"You think so now," she said, "but wait a month, a year. The color you speak of will be faded then; the sirocco will blow; you will be like a caged bird that would lift its wings and fly across the waters. I am in Venice always, and I know. My life is all rest, and I hear nothing but the bells and the sound of the waters. I have no mother, Signor."

She spoke pathetically, looking dreamily away to the old bridge and the green garden beyond. The role of comforter is pleasing to a man; the word of sympathy is easy to be found.

"Nevertheless," said I, "there must be many in the city to love, Bianca."

She laughed, tossing her curls back upon her pretty shoulders.

"Indeed," she said, "there is only my

father, and he is at the Arsenal all day. You have heard of Silvestro Celsi, Signor? They call him Silvestro the Magnificent, and he is worthy of it. I have his love always—but he has no time except for his books and his papers. He goes with the sun and comes with the night. I sit here all day, and imagine what it must be to cross the mountains and see the world beyond. The house is my prison, and the old dame, Nina, is my jailer.

"For the moment," said I, anxious to console her; "but you are very young yet, and the day will come when your father will take you to see the world. Who knows, it may be this year, next year—he may bring you to Paris or to my own city, London—and then. You will remember my name if you come to London, Signorina?"

She looked up at me with her pretty eyes.

"I will never forget, yet how shall I believe what you say? Oh! it will not be this year, when all the day the laborers starve and my father weeps for them, and the man from Rome grows more cruel every day. You have heard of the man from Rome, Signor?"

"I am here to get news of him?"

She started at this, looking at me with a little suspicion. It occurred to me that the admirable wind had done me a second service. Perfectly possible now to write to my editor and to say, "I am sitting at the feet of Bianca hearing news of the man from Rome." And so I listened with ready ears when Bianca spoke again.

"Why should you interest yourself in Orso Cicogna?" she asked. "Have you not heard what cruel things he has done at the Arsenal? My father cannot sleep at night for thinking of them. He fears that the workmen will lose patience and kill the man who has brought such trouble upon them. Why do you wish for news of him?"

I turned the question as adroitly as possible.

"Your father's sympathies are with the men, Signorina?"

"How could they be otherwise, Signor? Is he not their best friend? For thirty years now they have called him father. Will he cease to befriend them at the word of a stranger? Do not think that. Though he lose all else in the world, it will not be the affection of his children."

"Then he does not love the man from Rome?"

Her dark eyes flashed at the suggestion. I said to myself that if the fate of Orso Cicogna lay in her hands a few hours would carry me out of Venice.

"Love him—Holy Virgin, what a thought! Yet what can he do? He is the servant of the Government and must obey. All day long he asks the men to be patient, and they listen to him. Oh, Signore, if Orso Cicogna is killed, my father will be ruined, and we shall live in Venice no more."

There were tears of affection and pity in her eyes. It was sweet employment to comfort her—then, and later in the day, when returning from my habitual quest of news, I found her at sunset still upon the balcony. Admirable wind of night! It played gently with the curls of Bianca, tossing them about in its embrace until they seemed to touch my face like rain of silken threads. No longer did the balustrade thrust carved obstacles between us. She, on her side, resting her pretty arms upon the timeworn marble, I, on mine, bending down so that my lips could almost brush her ears, made that swift sudden friendship, possible only in a land where sunshine is in the heart of the people and love in their eyes. Pretty Bianca! I said then that her hair was of the purest gold, that her hand was the softest in all Italy.

"Your father has not returned, little one?"

She shook her head.

"He is very late tonight," she said; "sunset should bring him back to me. Nina set supper an hour ago, and yet he has not come. I fear to think about it, Signor; I fear to ask myself what has kept him."

I took her hand in mine and laughed at her foreboding.

"What could keep him but the business of the day? Was not I at the Arsenal an hour ago to learn that all was well? It is the night which makes you fear, little one. I know the feeling well—a gray light upon the waters and a gray light above. That is the time for dreaming of misfortunes which never happen. To-morrow when the sun shines you will forget it all. Let us talk of other things—of our friendship. You will remember that, Bianca?"

She answered me prettily, letting her hand rest in mine and forgetting to draw back her face even when my lips touched the curls of her golden hair.

"I could not forget that," she said; "you will be the friend of my father also, Signor? There is no one in Venice who does not love my father; there is no one so clever as he. All the great ships which sail out of Venice are his work. He is stronger than the King, for he has made his country great."

I had not the heart to rebuke her childish idea of Italy with a word of naked truth; and, for the matter of that, the cleverness of old Silvestro, who was one of the constructors at the Arsenal, was proverbial among those who build ships.

"Indeed," said I, "it will be a great honor and privilege to know your father. If I mistake not, yonder is his gondola. I heard the splash of an oar some minutes ago."

It was full dark now, but the light from the windows of the canal enabled us to distinguish the black shape of a gondola shooting to the steps of Silvestro's house. Little Bianca gave a cry of joy when she saw it, and ran instantly to the room to welcome her father. I saw her cast her

arms about his neck, and exclaimed upon that restricting custom which denies a similar greeting to mere friendship. It would be sweet, I thought, to hold Bianca as old Silvestro then held her. And I was sure that she could not be sixteen years old.

There was but one lamp upon the supper-table at which father and daughter sat, and it was shaded. None the less it enabled me to observe closely the features of the shipbuilder for whom Venice had so great a love. A man who had attained the allotted span, I said to myself; a man with a white beard so long that it covered the alloted span; a man of rugged force, of face slightly Greek in mould, yet feminine in the kindness of the eye. A silent man, too, answering Bianca's chatter with monosyllables; a man upon whom the cares of life pressed heavily so that he ate with no appetite, but when he had tasted of the dishes set lovingly before him, came upon his balcony to drink a glass of red wine and to smoke the cursed cheroot which Austria still sends to Venice. It was then that Bianca presented me to him—with a pretty childish formality which made us friends at once.

"Signore, here is my father; he can answer all your questions. Father, here is my English friend."

The old man laughed, but I saw that his eyes were reading me closely. I was glad that pretty Bianca introduced me as her friend, and I hastened to speak to old Silvestro of my business.

"I am correspondent of an English newspaper," said I, "and I came to Venice to learn all about the troubles at the Arsenal. It seems that good fortune has made me the neighbor of one who is the best of all authorities. It is not necessary to come to Venice to know the fame of Silvestro Celsi, Signore."

He laughed again, silencing me with a gesture of the hand.

"Truly," he exclaimed, "it was not necessary to come to Venice to understand our trouble at the Arsenal. Have you not laborers in your own country? Assuredly you have, and their humanity is our humanity—neither more nor less. Give them thorns when they ask for figs—and there is your problem."

"It being understood that figs are their wage."

"Exactly. I am no dutiful son of the priests; but I do not forget that the Master of all workmen taught us that man shall not live by bread alone. Here, in Italy, our children would be glad enough if their bread were assured to them. We are very poor, Signore—and the end is not yet. God knows what we must suffer before the days of our prosperity return to us. If you have any message from Venice to your countrymen, let it be this—that in our poverty we do not forget England and her friendship. And may your judgment be not hasty whatever the days may bring."

"You fear a crisis, Signor Celsi?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"He who takes meat from the dog must beware of the dog's teeth, Signor. That is exactly what our Government is doing to-day. The men are starving in the yards while the law is feeding them with exhortations of patience. Does a man lend a willing ear to an exhortation like that when his children cry for bread? You know that he does not."

"In that case your man from Rome would do well to try a change of air?" I suggested.

"I express no opinion," he said, somewhat curtly, "though I pray God that harm may not befall him."

It was plain to me that he did not wish to continue the discussion, and I turned to other subjects, sitting with him until the moonlight shone white and glorious upon the canal, and all the palaces were as temples of silver and of jewels. I found, to my pleasure, that he was ready to encourage my friendship for little Bianca, seeming content indeed that she should make a friend after the custom of the English, for whom he had so great a regard. It was pathetic to witness his affection for the child, his fear that the day would come when she would lack the love he gave to her so generously.

"She has no one else," he would say, "and I am an old man. Age is very cruel, Signore, when it is linked to youth in the bonds of a father's love."

It was midnight when we left our balconies, and twelve hours passed before I saw little Bianca again. A long letter to London upon the business of the Arsenal kept me at my desk almost until daybreak. Thereafter, I slept heavily until the musical bells of the city were tolling the Angelus. A little to my chagrin, Bianca was not at her window when I opened mine as usual; but when I had read through my papers and letters, she came tripping to the balustrade and blurted out her news.

"He is coming here to-day—to-night," she cried gladly.

"You mean the man from Rome?"

"Who else should come? Have you not heard? They tried to kill him yesterday when he was leaving the Arsenal. My father says that there is only one house in Venice which can shelter him. And so he is coming here."

"You think he will be safe at the Palazzo Celsi?"—that was the name of Bianca's house—"you think that he will consent to become a prisoner?"

She tossed her hair—it was auburn hair this morning—back upon her pretty shoulders.

"My father's house is a sanctuary," she said proudly. "Signor Orso will be as safe here as in his palace at Rome."

"Let us trust so," I replied dubiously, "if only for your father's sake."

"Oh, indeed, for his sake I wish it," she exclaimed, and I saw that tears misted her eyes again. "He has not slept for three days, Signore; he left the house this morning without a word to me."

The sunlight falling generously upon the canal forbade that I should comfort her then. It was not until the man from Rome had come to her house and was held in talk by her father that she ventured again upon the balcony, and sat by me to tell me of the day's work. And while she talked I could see the others; the old shipbuilder, worn and anxious and heavy-eyed; the young man whom Crispi had sent, pale and nervous, and apprehensive even in the sanctuary of Silvestro's house. Thirty years he had lived, I judged—a weak man strong in another's authority. Nor could I help but ask myself if he would ever leave Venice alive. Had not a thousand men sworn to kill him? Your Venetian does not forget an oath like this.

It was a callous view, but I began to regard this man as a hare that is hunted. There was something almost stimulating in the idea that, at many a dark place, men watched, dagger in hand, to reckon with the enemy. To-day, to-morrow—would Orso Cicogna be alive then? And was old Silvestro honest in his desire to protect him? I had doubts even of that.

"I will save my people," the shipbuilder had said to me. But how were they to be saved while the man from Rome lived among them? That he would go I never believed. His great square chin and bulging temples forbade the assumption. To intellectual blindness he added a determination born of ignorance. I was sure that he would remain in the city; I was equally sure that he would die there.

It may be that in this assumption there was the keen anticipation of the journalist who has heard the view halloo. Certainly, Orso Cicogna seemed secure from danger so long as he was under old Silvestro's roof. Coward for the moment by the attack already made upon him, he never left the house for three days; and when again he went to the Arsenal, the police boat carried him there. For my part, I did not care how long the comedy or tragedy might last. There was not little Bianca and the moonlight upon the water and the admirable wind to toss her curls against my cheeks? And what matter if the future were dark? There were moments when I said that I would dare even to carry this bewitching little Italian girl back to England as my wife. I made mention of her in letters to my friends; began to reckon up the possibilities and the problems of housekeeping—I who had never lived in a house when an hotel was to be found, or lingered in any city a day longer than the employment of the hour demanded. That she would return with me, I was sure. Though she protested that she would never leave her father, there was love in the protest. And the message of her eyes, spoken again and again upon the balcony, needed no dictionary to translate. She trembled when my lips touched hers—she lay still as a frightened thing when I held her in my arms.

A week passed in this pleasure of love and doubt. I began to think that I must speak plainly to old Celsi—to whom I thought my hopes would not be unwelcome. It seemed to me, when he shut his eyes to our delicious nights upon the balcony, that he was blind with good intent. Perhaps he was glad that someone would take his daughter away from the trouble and uncertainty then hovering upon his house. Be this as it may, the night was rare when he left his room to intrude upon the delights of our privacy. He, and Orso the doomed, would spend the hours in earnest indifference, as oblivious of the two who watched the dark waters outside as though they had never lived. I said that the old shipbuilder was an utter mystery. And there is but one thing to do with a mystery—it is to ask him to dinner.

The feast was to be upon the fifteenth day after I had first spoken to Bianca. I determined, after consultation with my Italian servant, Ottone, to give it in my own rooms. The man from Rome would come then and I could turn him into articles. I knew that he would not consent to dine at a restaurant, for he had become afraid of the night, afraid to show himself at the windows of old Silvestro's house lest a spy, lurking on the canal below, should shoot him as he stood. But in my room he would be safe. And Ottone was an excellent servant. Serve a dinner! He swore by St. Mark that no such banquet should have been held in Venice. I, on my part, looked forward with no little pleasure to the surprise prepared for pretty Bianca. A ring of diamonds and rubies, a rope of pearls for her little neck, burnt holes in my pocket the long day through. Would she laugh or cry when my fingers were upon the clasp? Would the jewels match the eyes she knew how to use so well?

We had fixed our dinner for the evening of Sunday. There had been unbroken

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sunshine since the dawn, a day full of the glory of an Italian spring. You heard the barcarolli's love-songs from many a dark waterway when night fell. There was music of bells floating over a lagoon, a vision of distant islands canopied with young leaves, of whitened mountains crowned with lustrous lights, of a horizon now infinitely blue, now crimson, now dim with the glory of the purple ares of evening. When, at last, the sun sank below Chioggia and the rolling mists settled upon the lagoon, a sea of fleecy billows was spangled with the fleck of the moon's rays; a golden sea danced to the music of the wind. This was the hour when old Silvestro should have come to me. The great clock had struck eight; the flowers were white and odorless upon my table; the lights fell soft upon the crystal flasks of ruby wine. We lacked only our guests.

The clock struck a quarter past eight and still old Silvestro did not come. Twice I went out upon my balcony to peer into his room; but neither he nor Bianca was there. Orso, the man from Rome, appeared to be the only occupant of the chamber. He was writing at a table when first I saw him; he was still writing when the clock struck a quarter past the hour. Had he not been a stranger to me, I might have spoken a word through the window to ask of his host and of Bianca. As it was, I began to think the whole circumstance one of the strangest I had known. Here was dinner ready to be served, Ottone ready to serve it, the candles lighted, the flasks uncorked—yet of those for whom all this was done there was no sign. I asked myself if they played some jest; I said that Bianca would come running up the stairs presently, breathless and panting apologies. The clock struck nine and still my dinner waited.

The last note of the bell had scarce gone echoing over the water when I called to Ottone, meaning to send him, for the second time, across to old Celsi's house. It was evident now that something had happened. The fact of the man Orso writing diligently at the table perplexed me. But this perplexity was as nothing to the strange suspicion and dread which possessed me when, upon calling for my servant, I had no answer. The man had vanished as mysteriously as Bianca and her father. Though the stairs echoed my summons, echo was the only answer vouchsafed to me. I was alone with the candles and the flowers and the gaudy draperies of the feast.

There are some situations in life, situations of danger or of peril, which a man refuses to take seriously. I have known one or two in the course of a changing career, but none which seemed to me, at first thought, so ridiculous as the one I faced that night in Venice.

Convinced, on reflection, that little Bianca had contrived a jest, and having the poorest appreciation of its excellence, I determined to go myself into her house and to seek for her. I thought it strange no longer that the man from Rome should be writing at his table. That was a part of their plot. I said that little Bianca was watching me when I entered the great room and walked across it to speak to him whose name was then upon every tongue in Venice. I could hear, in fancy, her sweet laughter when, standing a little way from the man's chair, I spoke to him—once.

I say once—for, in truth, I had scarcely spoken the word of greeting when it changed upon my lips to an exclamation of woe and horror. In that moment I saw that Orso Cicogna had written his last letter; the hand which held the pen in dreadful derision was stiff and powerless; the eyes

which looked down upon the paper would see no more; the head which had fallen forward upon the breast would never again be raised. The man from Rome was dead, and the stiletto with which they had stabbed him was still in his body.

For some instants I stood, almost blinded by the sight of the grim figure, still and white and rigid in death. There was no sound in all the Palazzo Celsi to stir my feet or break the spell. I heard the waters lapping outside, the distant cry of a boatman, the music of a voice; but in that room Death reigned and no voice answered. And then I recalled the words of old Silvestro, "I will save my people. And I thought that he had kept his pro-

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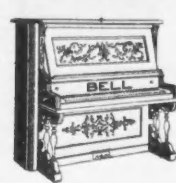
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She—He kissed me, and then I told him to tell no one. He—And what did he do? Why, it wasn't two minutes before he repeated it.—*Tongers Statesman.*

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mise to his children and that Venice would see him no more.

It is a year ago now since I saw Bianca Celsi. Idle to say that the events of the terrible night had been blotted from my mind or that I did not think often with feelings of a deep and lasting affection of the little Italian girl whose love I had won during those happy weeks in Venice. But I had no thought of Bianca that night in March when, chancing to pass the gaunt Italian church in Hatton Garden, I felt a hand upon my shoulder and turned around to see an ill-dressed pitiful creature regarding me with wistful eyes.

"You forget me, Signore," she cried, in broken English. "Oh, but I shall remember always. Do not turn from me—we are not what you think—it was another who killed Orso Cioegna."

"Another!" I exclaimed. "Yes, yes," she said quickly, "your servant Ottone—he had a brother at the Arsenal. We did not know then—but now, God pity us, it is too late."

The woman, for such Bianca had become, released my arm and darted across the street. The dim light of evening soon hid her from my sight, but not before I had seen her take the hand of an old man who waited for her, and lead him into the shadows.

And as the woman went I shuddered to think that I had once held her in my arms.

THE END.  
**AN UP TO DATE PATIENT.** A story of a Hospital Nurse, by L. T. MEADE, will be published in this paper next week.

## From Pain to Health.

The Remarkable Case of John Henderson of Deseronto Junction.

Almost Helpless From Sciatic Rheumatism, the Effects of Which Shattered His Constitution. He Thought Death Not Far Off When Friendly Aid Placed Within His Reach the Means of Recovery.

From the Deseronto Tribune.  
It will be remembered that during the past winter reference was several times made in the "Personal" column of the Tribune to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel road, Township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It was said that but very little hope was entertained of his recovery, as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming in to Deseronto market, when asked how he was, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district. Hearing that his recovery was alleged to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune set out to discover if this rumor could be authenticated. Having reached Mr. Henderson's residence, the reporter found no one at home except the hired boy, who informed him that Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Napanee. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved or he would not have undertaken such a long drive in the raw weather of early spring. The boy having said that his master would be back about two o'clock, the reporter waited for a personal interview. In a short time the team was observed coming along the road. When it drew up at the house Mr. Henderson, being told the object of the reporter's mission, stated that the rumor was correct, his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and distressing character. The physicians in attendance did their best and would for a time succeed in alleviating the pain and he would for a short time regain strength. But the disease would reassert itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease which sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain—he grew weaker and weaker and at last despaired of life itself. He was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn, and was only able to move about a little when not confined to his bed. At this juncture, Mr. Ravin, the station master at Deseronto Junction, who no doubt recalled the wonderful cure of Mr. Wager by the use of the famous medicine, as reported some time since in the Tribune, recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and volunteered to send for a quantity if Mr. Henderson would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Ravin procured for him a half dozen boxes. He tried a box, but with little discernible effect. He, however, kept on using the pills, and after taking six boxes, found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily, the pain disappeared, he regained strength, and, as he expressed it, "I am now able to be about, feel quite strong, can attend to all departments of my work as well as ever, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." To the Tribune reporter Mr. Henderson appeared a strong, vigorous man, whom to see was sufficient proof of the story of his remarkable recovery.

A Glens Falls teacher was trying to impress on the class the lessons of Washington's Birthday, and among other questions she asked: "If the Southern Confederacy had succeeded, what would Washington have been the father of?" "Twins," was the prompt reply of one of the boys.—*New York Tribune.*

James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, says: "I am continually haunted by the fear that my trunk will be lost, so I go about the country with a grip. In case there is ever a fearful railway accident and among the debris is a valise with an arm attached to it firmly, they may bury it, without further identification, as the fragments of the Hoosier poet."

## A Person and a Picture.

The Century.

THE field was yellow and brown; behind the stone wall was another field full of blackberries and sweet fern, and then came black pine-trees and a blue sky.

I had come out to watch Louis Riel paint a picture. Louis, as you know, is a very great artist, who is asked to decorate libraries, go to dinners, and all that; and it is considered no end of a fine thing to be allowed to see him paint. But why he wished to paint the things I have described puzzled me, and I said so.

"To begin with," said Louis, "the subject is absolutely nothing; and secondly, I can make anything out of nothing" (Louis values himself); "and in the third place, when a man lives by doing certain things, he must do those things when he receives a remunerative offer from somebody else."

"To be sure," said I; "but who in goodness wants a picture of two ugly fields and some ugly pine-trees?"

"That is a question I decline to answer," said Louis; "but I will tell you why the person wants the picture."

"Go ahead," said I; "will the person be sane?"

"The person," said Louis, "is a particular friend of mine. Do you mind picking up that brush? I can't bend over without upsetting things. Thanks. Well, the person is a very particular friend of mine—"

"As you were saying," said I.

"Do you care to hear the story?" said Louis.

"How long is it?" I asked.

"Because, whether you want to hear it or not, I'm going to tell it to you for the mere pleasure of hearing myself talk."

"Oh, very well," said I, lying back comfortably in the grass.

"You must listen, though," said Louis, "because it's a very sentimental story."

"It began about ten years ago to-day. It was in the afternoon—the person, my friend, said it was in the afternoon—that he first came to this field. He never told me why he came, and it doesn't make any difference, but he came; and he sat on that stone wall—just the part I'm doing now; and while he sat on the stone wall a girl came into the next field to pick blackberries."

"A girl," said I; "think of it!"

"She was a very pretty girl," continued Louis, "because the person is one of the best judges in the world, and he told me so. She was just eighteen."

"How old was the person?" I asked.

"Fifty!"

"The person was just twenty-two."

"And you're thirty-two—and it was ten years ago. Go on."

Louis paid no attention.

"The person," said he, "talked with the girl, and helped her pick blackberries."

"Most improper," said I. "Who was the girl?"

"She was a farmer's daughter, and she taught school in winter—"

"And talked with anybody that came along," said I.

"The person was very good-looking," said Louis, squeezing out some ultra-marine.

"Go on," said I.

"And he came to the field every day till the end of his vacation."

"Did the blackberries last?" I asked.

"There were many blackberries," said Louis; "and when the person left there were still a few on the vines."

"Tell me more about before the person left."

"The person was very young and foolish; in fact—"

"He asked her to marry him?"

"He asked her to marry him."

"And she said she would?"

"Yes, she said she would; but she said he must wait a year to see if he still cared about her."

"The results of higher education," said I. Louis shrugged his shoulders, pityingly.

"Was the person allowed to see her during the year?" I asked.

"No, he was not; and he was to write only at the very end of it."

"Sensible girl! I have money that says he never wrote."

"It's mine, then, because he did."

"Well, what happened?"

"She didn't answer."

"The person was playing in great luck," said I.

"The person came down by the first train, and they told him that the girl and her family had gone away to visit an aunt, or something; and as they didn't know where the aunt lived, the person couldn't follow."

"Well?" I asked.

"The person went abroad with his family, and wrote several times, and got no answer; and that's all. Only he wants a picture of the place, and so I am painting it for him."

"The girl is probably married to some lusty farmer," said I.

"I think the girl is dead," said he.

Louis turned his head to one side, the better to see what he had done.

"She must have been very unhappy after the person left," said I. "What do you suppose she did?"

"I imagine she picked the rest of the blackberries."

"Of course," said I. "I'm going to sleep."

Louis went on painting, and I watched him between half-closed lids.

I saw him turn pale and drop his brush.

"What's the matter?" I asked hurriedly.

"Look! It's she!"

I raised myself till I could see over the stone wall. A woman was beginning to pick blackberries into a tin pail.

"How do you know it's she?" I asked; "you never saw her?"

"Of course not; but I think it is. I'm going to ask."

"Oh, you know her name?"

"Yes; the person told me."

Louis ran, and leaned over the stone wall.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "are you Mildred Bartlett?"

"Not any more," said the woman, and went on picking blackberries.

Louis came and stood before his picture, and he looked from it to the sky.

"I think the light is not very good," said he; "let's push along."

We walked on in silence for some time.

"Are you going to finish the picture?" I asked.

"I think I shall not finish it," said he.

"But the person who ordered it?" I objected.

"He is a very particular friend of mine, and if I tell him he doesn't want it, why, he will understand that I mean it for his good."

"Yes," said I; "what's the use of roses and lavender?"

We walked on in silence for some time.

"Do you suppose the woman is still picking blackberries?" I asked.

"She was when I last saw her," said Louis; but I'm very sure he spoke without thinking.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, JR.

## II.

If I were rich, to Klondike I would go, I'd buy a wheel and ride there on the snow.

If I were rich. But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich, in Klondike I would buy The richest claims, thence would my fortune fly.

If I were rich. But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich, in Klondike I would build A mansion fair; each turret I should gild—

If I were rich. But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

Should gild it o'er with glistening gold, I found Before me lying on the pregnant ground.

If I were rich. But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

And with my little love from lands afar, In peace I'd live beneath the northern star.

If I were rich. But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

If I were rich! Ah, me! What would we do? My little love and I beneath the blue.

If I were rich. But, no!

Fate will not have it so!

Farewell, fond hopes—farewell, fond youthful dreams, My little love and I must part, it seems.

If I were rich—were rich. But, no!

Fate, cruel Fate, demands it so!

Toronto, April, '98. W. E. DYER.

## Many Were Great, But None Happy.

History gives sixty-eight sentimental surnames to Emperors and Kings whom it chronicles. For instance: Charles VIII. of France had the *alias* appellation of "the affable;" Philippe I. of France, that of "the amorous;" Alphonse XI. of Leon and Castile, "the avenger;" Victor Emmanuel, "regalantuomo," etc., etc. Many potentates are ranked by history under the same *alias*. Eight are "good" forty-one are "great," seven are "conquerors," two "cruel," two "fair," and four "fat." But none is surnamed "the happy."

## Roast Pigs on a Grave.

Calcutta Englishman.

A sensational day among Chinamen in Calcutta was the anniversary of the death of one of their high priests who died and was buried many years ago at Atchipur, one of the Hughli River stations. About a thousand Chinamen went to Atchipur by steamer, and at the grave a priest chanted prayers and burned reams of joss-paper. A quantity of Chinese delicacies, including several roasted pigs, were placed on the grave, and the air was filled with the sound of crackers. The jackals must have had a royal feast on the departure of the pilgrims.

## You don't really know how cold-blooded and heartless the members of your family are unless you wake up with a pain in the night and they sleep on.—*Atchison Globe.*

Little Hans (to Karl)—Look here, Karl; we must be very naughty to-day, so that we can promise on papa's birthday to-morrow that we will be better.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

In former days—in coffee houses—a box was attached to the wall, shaped like the usual alms, or collection boxes of to-day, and over it was the legend, "To Insure Promptness." This, in course of time, became represented by T. I. P., and hence the modern "tip."

## Saved from the Surgeon's Knife

A Husband Tells How his Wife Was Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills—They Were the Last Resort Before an Operation.

Mr. W. B. Aiken, a well known and respected resident of Zephyr, Ont., states in the following language how Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cured his wife and rescued her from suffering: "I take pleasure in stating for the benefit of others who have suffered in the same way, the great benefit derived by my wife in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. She had been doctoring with several doctors for inflammation of the bladder for over a year. The last bottle of medicine I got from the doctor, he said if that did not help her she would have to undergo a surgical operation. By a mere chance I was recommended to have her try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I procured a box. She took one that night and another the next morning, and continuing their use, to our great surprise there has not been the slightest return of the pain. It was a marvel to us, and I will never be without a box of those valuable pills in the house."

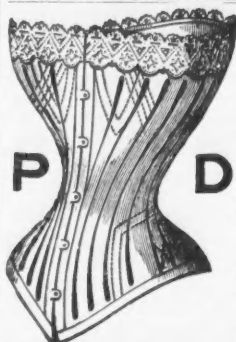
## The Wabash Railroad.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## The Drama.

AN intense drama of the days of Nero, when Christians were burnt as torches to light the arena in which their brethren were thrown to the lions. Such is the Sign of the Cross, Wilson Barrett's play, which holds the boards at the Grand Theatre. It tells the story which we have read in many guises of the early Christian martyrs, weaving through it the still older story of a man's redemption by a woman's love. Though opening rather tamely in the first act, the action soon becomes intense, almost too much so for any but the hardened theater-goer. The story of the play is well known. Marcus Superbus, Prefect of Rome, becomes desperately enamored of Mercia, a beautiful Christian, who has interposed between two "Christian hunters" and their intended victim, and whom he rescues. Nero's edict decreeing the death of all Christians follows, and Marcus is selected to enforce it. In spite of this he protects Mercia from the officers and incurs the jealousy of Dacia, a patrician lady, who loves him. She denounces Mercia to the Emperor, and her death is decreed by Nero. Tigellinus, counselor to Nero, and Lucinius, captain of his guard, denounce Marcus as a traitor, but he is saved by Poppea, who also loves him. He pleads in vain for the life of Mercia, knowing well that the only condition, that of her renouncing her faith, is impossible. She remains firm, but owns her love for him when he resolves to die with her, announces himself as a Christian, and together they go to death, the curtain falling as they leave the prison for the arena. The play is handsomely staged and the company is a strong one. Mr. Charles Dalton as Marcus, in the first act, is inclined to be stazy and somewhat heavy, but in the second act rises to the situation, and from the scene in Favius's house to the fall of the curtain, does himself and the character full justice. His appeal to Nero and the closing scene with Mercia are particularly fine. Miss Irene Rooke as Mercia is an ideal bit of womanhood and the sweetest presence that has graced a Toronto stage for many a day—not powerful, but tender, appealing and natural. Her presentation of the character of the pure Christian maid, shrinking from the pollution surrounding her, but ready to die for her faith, is as nearly perfect as we think possible, apart from the great actresses we believe capable of anything. Mr. Bonney as Nero, Mr. Peach as Tigellinus, Miss Agnes Scott as Berenis, Miss Cavanah as Dacia, Miss Boswell as Stephanus, and Mr. Gill as Favius, all do good, honest work; in fact, the immense gap which too often yawns between the stars and their support does not exist, for which we should be devoutly thankful. It seems a pity that such an excellent presentation of a stirring play should be marred by inartistic light effects and clap-trap posing. Just why it is necessary for a search-light to be turned on to the principal performers in the darkness of a room or prison cell, while they strike sublime poses, requires explanation. Perhaps the stage manager knows, but if he does, let us hope he will forget and give it up, and we will forgive him. Somebody should also explain why a drunken buffoon must be introduced into a play of this sort, and why, if he must be there, the hero chooses him as his love confidant. These are glaring faults in an otherwise artistic presentation of an intensely pathetic story of the first martyrs for the faith that thousands have since died for.

This company, while it gives a good enough presentation of the piece to warrant people in going to see it, by no means makes the most of the production. This is "William Greet's London Company, including Charles Dalton," yet it is a very different company from the original one, "including Charles Dalton," which presented the piece in New York. Here is a list of the people who are now replaced by others in the company:

ACTORS.  
W. A. Elliott.  
D. McCarthy.  
J. Carter Edwards.  
C. H. Hewelson.  
Leon Roche.  
J. H. Burland.  
George Wood.  
W. J. Thorold.

AUTHESSES.  
Barbara Huntley.  
Aida Corielyon.  
Lotta Linthicum.  
Corona Riccardo.  
Marion Nugent.  
Grace Tempest.  
F. Hornard.  
Evelyn Wendon.  
Lillah McCarthy.

These people are, I say, now replaced by others, and we may infer that the changes have not been made in order to give Toronto a better presentation of the play than was given to New York. In the original presentation of the piece on this side of the pond, in New York, Miss Cavanah appeared as Zola, the Slave, while in Toronto she has been moved up to the more important part of Dacia. The promotions all through have been on a very generous scale. The Mercia, Poppea, Dacia and Berenis of the original cast are not now with the company. It is in-

structive to now and then examine by this process the companies that come here, for it shows how art is diluted for the provincial taste.

Here, as elsewhere, The Sign of the Cross, as a religious drama, attracts the attention of clergymen, of whom a large number were present on Monday evening. Whether the play attracts most with its devoted Christianity or its picturesque paganism, is again the question, and again opinions differ. The idea that seems to prevail in some quarters that The Sign of the Cross is a dramatization of Quo Vadis is erroneous, because Wilson Barrett wrote the play long before Quo Vadis was written. Barrett produced his play in St. Louis and afterwards in Chicago during his last American tour, and the play had concluded its long run in London before Quo Vadis came out.

Two men met in the lobby of the Grand Opera House between acts Monday evening and gazed at each other in shamed-faced embarrassment. Then they began to laugh, and explanations followed. Brown had invited Jones to call at his house that evening at 9.30, and the invitation had been accepted. Brown decided to see The Sign of the Cross, and telephoned home that he was detained by business, and to tell Jones so when he called. Jones telephoned to Brown's to say that he had been detained by business. And here they both were at the theater. If Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had found each other out in such a disgraceful bit of double-dealing their relations might have become strained—but the men laughed and lit their cigarettes.

The Cummings Stock Company bid us farewell this week in the farce entitled The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown. It contains a character very similar to Charley's Aunt, and Mr. Cummings is in it enabled to leave last impressions on his admirers in a style of comedy that has proved the most suited to himself and popular with the public. The whole company appears in The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown, and though it is the lightest-kind of a trifle, it is well done and winds up the season appropriately. The Cummings Stock Company have made a legion of friends in Toronto since they played All the Comforts of Home last fall. They have drawn numbers of people to the Princess who before were not patrons, or even approvers of the stage at all; they have shown that standard farces and melodramas intelligently and decently put on at popular prices, not only pay, but draw the best people; they have started in all probability a revival of the stock company on the Canadian circuit; and they have raised the hoodoo done by the Princess, the largest, brightest and prettiest theater in the city. Although some of us might have been getting just a little tired of seeing the same people every week, still it is safe to say that everyone would unite in welcoming them back to Toronto another season.

Darkest Russia, at the Toronto Opera House this week, is not new to Toronto audiences. It is a good play, although, while demonstrating the miseries of the Russian lower classes, it is written with the patriotic purpose of incidentally glorifying the land of the star-speckled banner. A Russian story or play, as a rule, is made up for the most part of Siberia, Nihilists, policemen, and double-barreled names ending in "off." Darkest Russia, while not an exception to this rule, is still interesting, although the play as a whole doesn't advertise Russia as a country which goes out of its way to encourage emigration. When one thinks of that great empire stretching in compact hugeness across two continents; its restless aggressiveness in its ceaseless quest of more territory; its immense army which its tax-oppressed peasantry, still in the misery of the middle ages, has to starve itself to feed, one wonders who is the moving spirit and what is he driving at? It is to be hoped his policy makes him happy; it evidently doesn't make many other people so. When the Russian peasant discovers that he has been paying more than it was worth for his right to exist, gets up and demands a reduction in prices, the world can put the greater part of its standing armies to working for their living.

The tragedy at London, in which Emerson the actor shot and killed Tuttle, the manager, is not a crime of the stage but of life—the result of a quarrel between a man who had earned and needed his pay, and a manager who failed to pay him. It is not the habit in this country to excuse or leniently view the taking of human life, and Emerson will no doubt have a hard time of it. Before a Canadian jury the blow that Tuttle gave Emerson, the failure to pay the money due, the nasty things that he said, will all seem very poor provocations for the shooting of a man through the head. But this case shows us that the big and physically aggressive men sometimes go too far, and it also reminds us that there may often be behind the curtains all the elements of real tragedy while a comedy holds the boards and amuses the laughing crowd.

Toronto people were surprised to hear that Julia Arthur had been taken suddenly ill in Boston during a performance of A Lady of Quality, and that it was doubtful if she would recover. Better news has arrived, however. On Monday Mrs. Lewis of Hamilton, Ont., mother of Julia Arthur, received a telegram from her son at the Parker House, Boston, where the gifted actress is staying. The message stated that Miss Arthur is now out of all danger. She may go alone to England as soon as she is able to travel. Mrs. Kole and Mrs. Partridge of Chicago and Miss Jeanette Lewis, three sisters of the actress, have joined her at Boston.

Mrs. Fiske spent last week in New York, preparing for her spring engagement at the Fifth Avenue theater opening this week, and rehearsing new plays, two of which will be produced during that engagement. In one of these, A Bit of

Old Chelsea, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer—a one-act drama that has run for over a year in London—it is believed that Mrs. Fiske will have a character giving full scope to her genius. Another play to be produced by her is by Marguerite Merington and the chief part of this, too, is said to be admirably fitted to Mrs. Fiske. For this drama Mrs. Fiske has added Verner Clarges, Alberta Gallatin and Lotta Linthicum to her company.

It appears that the return of Clement Scott to the London Daily Telegraph does not signify that he has been forgiven by the members of the theatrical profession, but quite otherwise. The Actors' Association sent a demand to Sir Edward Lawson, manager of the paper, that Mr. Scott be required to apologize to the profession before he be allowed to resume his work. Lawson chose to treat this demand as an unwarranted interference, and recalled Scott, ignoring his resignation. Some of the London managers will refuse him admission to their theaters, and this will probably provoke the inclement Clement to further remarks.

In Venezuela the "encore fiend" is regarded with favor. Public performers who refuse to respond to encores are sent to jail, says the Buffalo News. The story of a singer who happened at a concert to please the audience is recorded. He was recalled several times. At the fourth recall he thought he had sung enough. At the sixth he was mad and refused to appear on the stage. The encore fiend raised a riot, the police were called. He arrested not only the fiend, but the singer. Next day the judge decided against the singer, fined him and sent him to jail.

It has always surprised Toronto people to hear that two of our greatest favorites were not popular in New York, Sol Smith Russell and Julia Marlowe. This only increased our respect for the opinion of New York. The taste of that city has seemed incomprehensible. But now we are told that the quaint Sol Smith and the talented Julia have won the approval of New York.

The plan of seats opened at Nordheimer's on Tuesday for One of the Best, the military play which will be presented at the Grand on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week by the 18th Highlanders. The play promises to make quite a success and the advance sales indicate a widespread interest in it.

Next week the Princess will be dark while the stage is being put in shape for the light opera season, which opens on April 18 with The Mandarin.

On Saturday night, April 16, the orchestra of the late Anton Seidl will appear in Massey Music Hall, led by the assistant of the late conductor.

The Geisha will be put on at the Grand Opera House Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week.

Two Little Vagrants comes to the Toronto Opera House next week.

## Sporting Comment.

IT would appear that the Toronto and Tecumsehs have amalgamated, but one scarcely ventures to mention the subject aloud for fear that the spell may be broken and the whole thing prove to have been a dream. A union of these two clubs has been so long desired and so often rumored that it is hard to believe that it has at last really taken place. But we are told that it is really true. This means that Toronto will have one real good lacrosse team, instead of two fairly good ones. The picked men of the two teams, if they can be induced to play, will mean a combination of players that the Eastern towns will find it almost impossible to beat. I believe that the only first-class man whose intentions are still in doubt is Harvey German, and it is to be hoped that this great home player will join in and help complete a home team that Toronto people can take some pride in. President Garland believes in amateur lacrosse, and the best friends of sport should give him and the club a generous support.

Toronto University has offered to enter a crew in the inter-university boat race on July 2, in which Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Wisconsin Colleges will take part. It is expected that the application of Toronto University will be promptly accepted.

There is some talk of the Argonauts sending a senior and intermediate eight to the National regatta at Philadelphia next summer, says the World, and with such good men as the Muntz brothers, the Thompsons, Joe Wright and the junior

crew of last season the Argonauts should be in any race to the finish.

Any doubts as to the genuineness of the amalgamation of the Tecumsehs and Toronto are set at rest by a study of the names of the delegates appointed to represent the Toronto at the Good Friday meeting of the C.L.A., as follows: J. Ross, P. W. McCullough, A. Cooper, Frank Nelson, W. Brent, and Ernie Burns.

The annual meetings of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and the Canadian Lacrosse Association on Good Friday have brought in large crowds of athletic young men from outside points for Easter. It is a great annual rally.

The English billiard tournament at the T.A.C. opened Tuesday evening, and is occasioning a great deal of interest among the members.

The Parkdale Cricket Club held its annual meeting at the Gladstone House on Friday evening of last week, when many new members were elected and these officers: Hon. president, Mr. John Chambers; president, Mr. S. W. Black; first vice-president, Mr. J. T. Clark; second vice-president, Mr. Arthur Hatch; secretary-treasurer, Mr. John E. Hall.

## Her Letter Didn't go.

YEARS ago a Cleveland man gave his wife a piece of what he supposed was worthless Missouri land, a tract which he had taken in settlement from a debtor. It was a two hundred and forty-acre section, and from year to year he sent the few dollars which were required for taxes. If it hadn't been for this small outlay he might have forgotten all about it. The property had been put in his wife's name and a few weeks ago (says the Cleveland Plain Dealer) she was surprised to receive a letter from an attorney at Jefferson City making her an offer for the land. It was a long letter, in which the writer said he had found a man who would take the tract for the timber that was on it and was willing to give six hundred dollars for the property. The lawyer went on to say that he considered it a very fair offer. Half the farm was swamp and the other half rock, and it was positively the first bona fide enquiry regarding the property that he had heard of. "The man who makes the offer is an erratic and touchy sort of fellow," wrote the lawyer, "and I think it would be well to nail him before he changes his mind."

The wife showed the letter to her husband, who shared her pleased surprise. "That's pretty good," he chuckled. "I never expected to get the taxes back on it. It's just as bad as he says it is—half rock. I had a man who was prospecting out that way go over and look at it. He said it was worth about \$2 an acre. Sit down and write the lawyer that you'll accept his offer and ask him to forward the papers at once."

So the wife sat down and wrote the letter, and just as the husband was starting for the office in a great hurry—he always fancied he was late—she gave it to him to mail. He slipped it in his inside overcoat pocket, grasped his umbrella, and was off. Once or twice thereafter his wife alluded to the farm transaction and wondered when the papers would be along. The husband replied in an absent-minded way—he was full of engrossing business at the time—and when two weeks had elapsed they both began to think that the deal had fallen through.

One morning, just as the husband was starting for downtown, the postman brought a letter for the wife. "Why, it is the Jefferson City postmark," she cried. "Let's see what he says."

She tore the envelope open, hastily skimmed over the lines, and then looked up with a little shriek. "Read that, George!" she cried.

And this is what George read: "DEAR MADAM,—Of course I knew what it meant when you failed to answer my proposition. You were investigating, and I don't blame you. I made my offer in the hope that you would snap at it, but it is evident you haven't snapped. I didn't dare to put the offer any higher for fear of arousing your suspicions, and perhaps I got it too high as it was. Having made my little confession—your husband will tell you it was all a trick of the trade—I will come down to business. I represent a mining company, and we are developing a tract south of here and need your farm. We will give \$20,000 cash for it. That's the limit we are willing to go. I will admit that there is another company in the same field, but I feel sure that your



Who is this gentleman? The correspondent who sent it in suggests that it represents a well known citizen of Toronto. This ingenious correspondent made the picture by cutting out with scissors the face of the British lion in the cartoon on page one of last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, and putting a man's body on it with a few strokes of the pen.

advices from here will convince you that the offer we make is a very liberal one. The moment we hear from you favorably the cash will be deposited to your credit here in the First National Bank. Kindly advise me as to your intentions at the earliest possible moment."

The husband looked at the wife. "Well, by George!" he said. "A wild light was in the wife's eye. George fumbled in his inside pocket. "There," he said, as he drew forth the letter which never went, "that's what it means."

"I'll have to forgive you this time," she said. "Try it again," he cheerfully suggested. "Accept the second offer, and after I send a telegram or two I can guarantee that it will go."

"I'm afraid I can't trust you."

"I'll carry it in my hand to the office." And so a bad and quite inexcusable failing in the means of putting a beautiful gilding on the day in that household.

## An Easter Eve Tragedy.

MR. HAROLD CURTISS was an old man, and the less said about his looks the better.

Mrs. Harold Curtiss was young, beautiful and accomplished; and, as might reasonably be expected, the sweet little lady was a trifle fonder of her millinery adornments, especially at Easter-tide, than she was of her plain but devoted husband. Then, again, poor Curtiss knew full well that when his enormous wealth won the small, soft, snowy hand of Mima Morton her heart still remained in the blissful keeping of Charley Kent, her former handsome but poverty-stricken suitor. To make matters worse, this same Charley Kent, who was employed in a distant town, was wont to return to his native town at holiday times to visit his aged mother, when a lucky fate seemed always to bring Mrs. Curtiss and her old lover together, much to the discomfort of her jealous husband, who dreaded the approach of every gay and festive season.

On the morning of the day in question, the unhappy Mr. Curtiss met old Mrs. Kent coming from the postoffice reading a letter. The delight depicted in the old lady's countenance plainly prophesied her son's appearance in town that very evening. Therefore, in spite of the brightening influences of the beautiful floral preparations for the coming Easter morn, many fierce and jealous emotions darkened the brooding breast of Curtiss during the day. Sad to say, on his return in the evening, before entering the house, while spying through the windows of his wife's private sitting-room, his darkest suspicions were verified.

There she was, his own lawful wife; her face wreathed with the sweetest smiles that had ever enhanced a lovely face, and her cheeks flushed with delicious excitement. Her hair was tossed and disordered, while here and there a dainty golden ringlet had been drawn out beyond its fellows by some fondling hand. Great Caesar! How rapturously she was gazing at some worshipful object, which, from Curtiss' point of view, was invisible. Yes! Charley Kent must be there, and they had apparently been renewing old acquaintanceship with unpedicentated zest and vigor. But, ha! It should be the last time! and a devilish glitter darted from the eyes of the infuriated man as he drew a gleaming nickel-plated revolver from his hip-pocket and

fired again and again at the hidden object of his young wife's secret devotion.

Agonizing screams followed the reports of the pistol, and Curtiss, trembling with the excitement of his murderous actions, rushed into the house shouting:

"False woman, this act is yours, not mine!"

"Oh, Harold, Harold, Harold," cried his swooning wife, "how could you do such a dastardly deed? You have blown my lovely new Easter bonnet all to smithereens!"

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

St. Catharines, April, '98.

## Commerce vs. War.

NEITHER the British Empire nor the United States is a fighting power, says the Hamilton Herald. They are the greatest of the commercial powers, and as such both of them want peace. During the last half-century almost all of Britain's little wars have been undertaken either to open up new markets or to retain those already in her possession. If the United States should bring on a war with Spain by interfering to enforce peace in Cuba, the Washington Government will justify its action by the plea that the long struggle in Cuba has seriously injured United States commerce. The British and American peoples have good fighting blood in their veins; but being in the vanguard of civilization, they have advanced far beyond the primitive predatory condition of nationhood. However, it is necessary for the wealthy commercial nations to be prepared for war in order to avert attack from the fighting nations. The idea is to keep the fighting nations at a respectful distance by a display of military and naval power. It is not improbable that that was partly the motive of the British Government in ordering the stupendous naval demonstration in connection with the Jubilee celebration last summer. It is certain that that is the motive for the present naval demonstrations in the far East. And it may also be said that the object of the recent appropriation of \$50,000,000 for war preparations in the United States was largely to produce in Spain a feeling of wholesome awe for the power that can so easily avail itself of the sinews of war. But demonstrations do not "scare" as they once did, and eventually the great trade and commerce nations must fight to establish the supremacy of trade over militarism.

Some of the screws used in watches are so small that it takes 350,000 of them to weigh a pound.

There are in circulation in China at the present time coins bearing the names of emperors who lived 2,000 years ago.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists. We had suspected as much.

Polly—What's Freddie crying for? Dolly—Because he dug a hole in the garden and mother won't let him bring it into the house.

"My wife cleans house eight times a year," said the applicant for divorce. "Deceit granted," said the judge, in a voice that shivered.

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THE STORY OF THEIR FATHER.



## The Ride of the Minx.

A Story of Early Wheeling Days.

"B" OLD Minx," said the ladies of the Dorcas Society.

"Old Cats," murmured the Minx.

Yet the young person thus condemned of the Dorcas Society was of cheerful aspect and pleasing presence. Fair-skinned, gray-eyed, and crowned with curling locks of golden brown, she was possessed also of a pleasant voice, which often rose in flights of song or musical laughter, these seeming to the casual observer to be the overflowings of a merry and innocent heart.

Yet the ladies of this sleepy, aristocratic village by the sea agreed with wonderful unanimity that she was a Minx, and a bold one at that.

The crime for which the young person had been thus informally tried, found guilty and condemned, was not far to seek. She rode a bicycle. Rode it, moreover, as something to triumph and rejoice in; the flush which came to her cheek when she mounted her "unseemly machine" was one of joy and not of shame. There was no doubt, there could be no doubt, she was an undesirable visitor and a minx.

At first she seemed unable to understand their chilly demeanor, but afterwards held her chin a little higher and sometimes stole along the quiet road behind the Old Cats, ringing her warning bell close upon their startled ears, disconcerting them thereby beyond the power of instant speech.

But the sunny days which had brought such joy to her departed. There came instead sudden cold, with shrieking winds which caught up sand from the beach and whirled it up and down the deserted roads. Then followed wild, lashing rain; days so dark that blinds were drawn and lamps lit early in the afternoon.

The Minx sat disconsolately in the tomb-like dining-room of the Widow Plodgett, and drew patterns with her finger upon the clammy old-cloth table-cover. She wished the Widow were not so deaf, so given to heavy sighs. She begrudged this wasting of her precious holiday. The deceased Plodgett simpered down upon her from his gaudy frame above the mantelpiece, still irritating her and gradually reducing her to a state of helpless depression. Friendship's Offering, and Pilgrim's Progress made her long for the novels so heroically left behind. She heard the Widow "siding away" the tea things. She thought of the Old Cats sitting cozily by their respective firesides, and a sudden moisture came into the gray eyes. Even a Minx may feel very small and lonely and forlorn.

Ten minutes later she was standing on the beach with the ladies of the Dorcas Society, the Widow, and all the inhabitants of the little place.

The storm was at its height. Sand and spray stung their faces. The wind beat and buffeted them, tore at their clothing, swept them together like so many dead leaves, and passed raving up the beach to snap great trees that had been old when the first house in the village was built. Now and then, far away in the darkness, the Minx caught a flash of light.

"On Hardneck Shoal," shouted a young fisherman.

"Poor souls!" sobbed the Widow Plodgett.

Soaked with rain and spray, shivering with cold, they stood, a silent little company, straining their aching eyes for the distant flashes.

"Why don't you do something?" shouted the Minx in the ear of the man who had spoken. He could not hear her words, so drew her into the shelter of a low boat-house. "Why don't you do something?" she repeated.

"None of our boats could live five minutes in that sea. The life-boat and crew are at Tranach, twenty miles east. Our horse is lame, McNeill is away with his team, the other folks have only oxen; besides, the bridges between this and Tranach may be down before this."

"At Tranach," said the Minx thoughtfully.

Together they left the shelter and went up to the empty house. There he lighted the lamp of her bicycle while he waited for her in the hall. Almost directly she was there again, clad in the trim, familiar costume.

"You might lend me that woollen cap," she said.

She pulled it down until the brown hair was hidden.

"I think it can be done. I hope I shall be in time—good-bye," and she placed her small hand for a moment in his rough brown one.

She was gone; swallowed up in the blackness and rage of the night. The young fisherman, obeying an unaccounted impulse, dropped on his knees by the Widow Plodgett's stairway and hid his face in his hands.

Twenty miles! Twenty miles of darkness, and storm, and peril. The lamp was extinguished almost directly, but the sandy road was beaten hard and firm as a race-track. On she flew, mile after mile, over shaking bridges where many planks were missing and the railings unknown away. Down steep hills, rushing into unknown blacknesses, up endless slopes, with every nerve and muscle strained and aching. Once, as a giant tree crashed close behind her to its fall, she threw back her head and laughed a strange laugh of triumph. Brave men were numbered among the forefathers of the little Minx.

A swerving of the wheel, a fall, on again, urged always by the desperate fear that she might lose this race where death rode abreast of the handle-bars.

Gasping—fighting for every inch of way against the angry wind, yet undismayed and refusing room to any thought save that of the goal which she must win.

Twenty long, black, awful miles—but at last they lay behind her. She beat with cramped hands upon the door of the first house in Tranach. Lights flashed, voices called and replied, the crew gathered, the boat slid down into the angry water, and the Minx sank down beside her faithful



The animal muff and boa have been the feature of the early spring in Paris, and it is predicted that they will be all the go in both Paris and London in the autumn. The boa, as will be seen, terminates in a head and paws of a little animal; in some cases fox-skin of the natural tawny color is used. The muff bears exactly the appearance of an animal, for not only has it the head, but the paws hang down in front with the most realistic air.

wheel.

Poor little Minx! Over and over again she rode that fearful race; the wind pulled at her hair, she said; the rain stung her face. The lamp had gone out and she was afraid in the dark—quick! quick! would no one light it? For might not the drowned men overtake her and put their cold hands over hers on the handle-bars!

And the president of the Dorcas Society, since the road was impassable by reason of its wrecked bridges, came to Tranach by boat. Tenderly she cut off the soft, brown braids and dressed the ugly wound. Long days there were and longer nights, when the anxious watchers feared those gray eyes would never lift again.

The prayers of the rescued men rose heavenward. The young fisherman, clasping a faded woollen cap, whereon showed a dark stain, joined his supplication to theirs. Some of the Dorcas ladies said that these and other petitions were the means of restoring the Minx to life and reason; the Widow Plodgett sniffed, saying that prayers without nursing were of small avail; the plump old doctor smiled a self-complacent smile; the postmaster said, "Grit, gentlemen, clear grit."

Be that as it may, the next summer saw a very happy, joyous Minx in the self-same village, and as for the Old Cats—well, they purred without ceasing.

MARY E. FLETCHER.

Halifax, N. S.

## Threnody

On the Death of the Ahkood of Swat.

[We have received a request that, in view of our article on Mr. George T. Lanigan in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, we should republish the poem referred to, and as there may be many other readers who are not familiar with the verses we accede to the request.]

What, what, what,  
Sad news,  
Had news,  
Comes by the cable led  
Through the Indian Ocean bed,  
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red  
Sea and the Med.  
Horranean—he's dead!  
The Ahkood is dead!

For the Ahkood I mourn,  
Who wouldn't?  
He strove to disregard the message stern  
But he Ahkood'n't.  
Dead, dead, dead;  
(Sorrow Swats!)  
Swats who has wif' Ahkood bled

Swats whom he hath often led  
Onward to a gory bed,  
Or to victory.  
As the case might be,  
Sorrow Swats!  
Tears shed,  
Shed tears like water,  
Your great Ahkood is dead  
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, City of Swat!  
Your great Ahkood is not,  
But lain 'mid worms to rot.  
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught  
(Because he was a good Ahkood)  
'Up to the bosom of Mahound,  
Though earthly walls his frame surround  
(Forever hallowed be the ground)  
And skeptics mock the lowly mound  
And say "He's now of no Ahkood!"  
His soul is in the skies—  
The azure skies that bend above his loved  
Metropolis of Swat.  
He sees with larger, other eyes,  
Afar what earthly mysteries—  
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkood  
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!  
Let Swat bury the great Ahkood  
With the noise of the mourning of the Swat-  
fish nation.  
Fallen is at length  
Its tower of strength,  
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;  
Dead lies the great Ahkood,  
The great Ahkood of Swat  
Is not!

The first and sixth days of January, the 20th of September, and the 25th of March, have been celebrated as Christmas Day; and it was not until the middle of the fourth century that the Church Council fixed the date as at present.

## Failure of Modern Education.

IF we compare the classes who have had means and leisure for generations, and therefore careful schooling, with those who have had nothing, I do not know that there is a corresponding contrast in their morals. Either, therefore, education has far less influence than we imagine in making people good and happy, or else our systems of education are at fault, and are producing no effects commensurate with the efforts we employ; or else both alternatives are to be accepted, and that upon the whole is my opinion, writes J. R. Mahaffy in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Let me cite but one other, much larger, field of evidence, which points in the same direction. What effect has the last thirty years' educating of the English people produced in disseminating higher and purer literary taste among us? Not very long ago one of the leading magazines gave us the evidence of the bookshelves—evidence perfectly clear and unambiguous—regarding the sale of books to the English reader. The exact figures I have lost, but I am quite certain of the general result. There was, together with a great increase in the quantity of reading, a distinct decline in the reading of the English classes—a decline in the quality of our reading. The great masters, poets, philosophers, historians, even novelists, are set aside for the trivial, the sensational, the affected, the ephemeral. Is it indeed a progress in culture that our reading masses discard Scott for Stevenson, Miss Austen for Marie Corelli, the *Quarterly* for the *Strand Magazine*, the *Times* for the *Telegraph*? Is it better to worship a man whose matter is so great that we are careless of his style, than to worship a man whose style is so perfect that we are careless of his matter? Is a writer who has very little to say to be lauded to the skies because he says it exceedingly well?

I can anticipate the rejoinders which have started up already in the minds of many of you. First, you may urge for the general public that the wide diffusion of reading is a great and growing happiness for the masses; and, secondly, that the education of the classes has been wonderfully reformed by the improvement of text-books, the multiplication of subjects, and the introduction of examination tests to give rewards to real merit.

As regards the diffusion of reading, a very few words will suffice. I am quite ready to allow that the diffusion of reading tends to increase the happiness of the masses. But I am not at all sure that it is the sort of happiness which makes them permanently contented, or which makes them morally better or sounder. It may be asserted that the ploughboy who, when he comes home from his work, has the *Police News* to amuse him, is happier for the moment than he who cannot read. The same may be said of the servant girl who carries off her mistress's copy of the *Sorrow of Satan*, to read at night in bed when her work is over. But is this enjoyment a proper sort of happiness? Is there any good in multiplying reading clubs through the country unless we have some guarantee that the quality of what the masses read is not likely to poison their minds? Is it not a common experience that at such clubs the good and solid books are neglected for the shilling romance of horrid crimes or the licentious press? It may well be doubted, for example, whether the antipathy which a large body of Irishmen feel towards England could live and last were it not for the continual and malicious falsehoods which are served up to them in the papers which they read. This is likewise the case with the American outbursts of apparent hatred towards this country. In France, too, the same feeling is created by a lying press, which threatens to be an active cause of war in the future history of Europe. Are not these grave limita-

tions to the doctrine that we are certain to raise and improve the masses by the mere diffusion of the habit of reading? I may compare it to the theory of many pious Protestants, that, provided you can make any unbeliever, any sinner, any savage read the Bible, he is safe to extract from it the religion which these Protestants profess.

## As to Her Majesty.

THE Disputant looked quizzically at the Loyalist for a moment and then he decided to astonish him.

"That seems to be very true," he said, "and we have all heard it a great many times, but I desire to ask you a question, and here it is: If Queen Victoria were really the woman and the mother par excellence, would she not have relinquished her throne and sceptre and made way for her son, the Prince of Wales, who must ultimately succeed her, but whose best days are slipping away very rapidly? Do you know that he is now 50 years of age? Tell me, how is it that Her Majesty, if she be the model woman and mother, clings to the gawgaws of her royal office, while her son wastes his life in waiting?"

The Loyalist stared at the speaker aghast, but managed to find voice.

"That is not a question that we can discuss," he said.

"Why not? Our discussion of it will not effect her divine right to do as she pleases. I'm not asking you to talk treason; it is the human nature of the case that interests me. Why has she retained power all these years instead of making way for her son, whereas your mother or mine, or any ordinary mother, would ask no higher pleasure than to efface herself for the benefit of her son? Isn't that so—come now, isn't there something in it?"

"Where is there a precedent for it?" cried the Loyalist. "Where is there an instance of a king or queen abdicating to make way for a son?"

"Possibly I could find you an instance of it," replied the Disputant, "but it is not necessary. Her Majesty has the reputation of being the perfect woman, the perfect mother, in addition to being what we all admit, a perfect Queen. Of her great excellences as a sovereign I am saying nothing. They cannot be disputed. It is this other claim that I am speaking of. Have we not somewhat idealized and glorified her character? Is she an ideal, or even a typical mother, as you and I understand the term? Compared with other sovereigns she has been a great power for good, but I'm asking you to compare her with other mothers."

"Well, now, I'll tell you just what I think," said the Loyalist. "It will not do to forget that she is Queen of Great Britain and her Colonies, and Empress of India. You cannot expect her to act precisely like an ordinary mother, for she is not in the sphere of an ordinary mother. Royalties must marry to suit the policy of state, and in a hundred ways they find that grave consequences follow their acts. Her Majesty might have formally abdicated, but while she lived she would never have been dethroned in the hearts of British people. You remember what a sad time Rosebery had as successor to Gladstone owing to the fact that Liberals everywhere continued to pay more attention to the G.O.M. in his retirement than to Rosebery. It would have been the same, only in a far greater degree, had Her Majesty abdicated in favor of His Royal Highness. He would have been but half a king. There would have been two sovereigns and possibilities for no end of complications. I am sure the British statesmen would have advised against any such arrangement if they had been—and perhaps they were—consulted, and I do not doubt that the Prince of Wales, who is quite a diplomat and statesman himself, would have strongly objected. There is not room for two in a throne, and there can be but one throne. Don't make any mistake, Queen Victoria is a splendid woman. I could go into the constitutional question and the policy of the question at length, but I won't discuss it further."

"I'm not convinced."

"It is quite immaterial, I believe," retorted the Loyalist.

## The Return of the Soldier.

Pick-Me-Up.

THE gray haze rose from its resting place upon the distant hills and flung a misty wave across the last golden moments of evening, and like the dim phantom of a rolling sea it flooded the valleys and surged above them. The low of the cattle came faintly out of the distance, and the challenges of the sultans of the farmyards were drowned at deep intervals.

Gloom of deep shadow was beneath the branches of the great wayside elms, and in their heights the rooks cawed and flapped heavily to and fro in their list activity before the absolute calm of night should fall upon them and strike them into the likeness of sable images carved on a stone.

A wooden gate opened on to the path across the dewy fields which led to the sheepwash at the bottom, and on it leaned a man, bronzed and worn, a soldier of many years. There was yet a mile of winding road between him and the village, and he rested at the gate, weary with journeying, and gazed through the gathering darkness to where a row of ten white cottages lay.

A star shone palely from the dull sky as he had seen one many a night when in loneliness he had kept guard over the safety of his comrades, and he had wondered what changes it had looked down upon in that little village where his boyhood had been passed. In foreign lands how he had longed for the time when he, the prodigal, might seek his home and bring gladness to the heart that had ached so bitterly for his sake. He would not offer promises, he cherished the thought that the mother's happiness would only be complete when,

## But if a Woman Have Long Hair, it is a Glory to Her.



CHO has thus far refused to answer the query: Why do certain poets, actors and preachers, as well as some reformers, wear long hair? The mental attitude which longs to bourgeois out into extended masses of hair is interesting as a human study, writes Francis Bellamy in the *Illustrated American*.

The trait seems to belong to the above-named classes of men. The country has long been familiar with the type of preachers, chiefly of the revivalist order, who cultivate locks that keep their broad-cloth collars peppered with dandruff. It is supposed that these holy men take a grave pleasure in the attention their unworshipful hair attracts in the street; and, moreover, when going into action on the pulpit, the gesture of running long hands, or even pudgy hands, through the hair is considered scarcely less effective than a hymn as a preliminary; while in the fury of speech the shaking locks fascinate the eye and ward off somnolence.

It is probable that the silver and green-back reformers and temperance lecturers and anarchist speakers who avoid the barber's shears are influenced by much the same considerations.

Very few actors, however, nowadays seek to advertise their profession in this way. If a stage hero is cast for a season in one of the romantic roles, he sometimes finds a natural wig the more convenient. And as a rule it is only the pale, weird band-stormer who poses with flowing locks on the Rialto in the spring when looking for a job.

A coterie of young poets in New York have lately begun to accent their unlikeliness to the rest of men by the conspicuousness of their hair. On the Fifth Avenue promenade and in the Sixth Avenue cafes, at social functions where they accord their presence in "the lion act," as they call it, they carry heads that bloom with hairy glory. "The black chrysanthemum" one of them affectionately dubbed the vast mass of ebony curls that frame the pale and lovely features of Mr. Le Gallienne, the new English poetaster who is visiting New York. The others thereupon

face to face, she should read in his eyes the story of a better life.

Star after star glittered out from the dusky heavens, and he, whose impatience had been for this moment, lingered faint-heart in the shades. Home was the third of the white cottages, and he watched it, and feared to go onward.

A light was kindled in the valley, and another, and then another, until a gleam shone through the curtained windows of all but one cottage, and that the third of the row.

The fear at the soldier's heart throbbed into a great pain, and he dared not wait to gaze when certainty might mean relief. He threw his bundle across his shoulder and hastened down the road, grudging the moments when the trees hid from him the cottages in the vale.

The wooden toll-house was still standing, and a light glowed from within, but the old toll-gate was gone, and the change troubled him. The blacksmith's forge was a little beyond as of old, and the smith was still at work with the fierce red light upon his bearded face, but the beard was brown, not grizzled, and the smith was not the smith that he had known. Beyond the forge he looked for the great oak where the roots used to stray ruggedly in the pathway, but it was gone, and the meadow where it used to stand was a leafy luxuriance of hop-vines.

Then came the cottages with their gardens of sweetwilliams and asters and pinks and roses, and the soldier's eyes grew wet on a sudden as the fragrance of the old time welcomed him home.

No light in the third cottage yet—it seemed like one dead in the midst of life.

She must be out, he told himself. She was in one of the other cottages, visiting some old crony, and perhaps even now speaking of her ne'er-do-well son. His hand shook as he raised the latch of the gate, and his breath came quickly as he tried the door. It was locked, and its resistance seemed to mock at his craving for admittance to warmth and light, to welcome and love. He peered in at the little windows in the front and rear, but all was dark and silent—cruelly silent. He trembled as he went to the next cottage, and knocked upon the window. He was sick at heart with suspense, and yet he shrank from what might be a terrible knowledge. A girl came to the door, and her face was strange to him. He tried to question her, but he could not, and so he pointed instead to the darkened house.

"Do you want to rent next door?" she asked.

"Is it to let?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Yes, ever since Mrs. Sutton died. But mother'll tell ye."

He turned back into the road, and marched up the hill, and away into the night.

## Books and Shop Talk.

That Spanish John affair is a peculiar one. Mr. William MacLennan of Montreal wrote the story for *Harper's Monthly*, and after it had appeared serially it came out in book form. Then Mr. Marquis wrote to the *Bookman* pointing out that the framework of the story was taken from certain memoirs published three-quarters of a century ago—those of a Macdonald of Glenagarry. He showed also that certain passages were reproduced entire by Mr. MacLennan, and the very same names used. Mr. MacLennan explained that he was not in the country when the story came out in book form, and had written a preface acknowledging his indebtedness to the memoirs of Macdonald, but that some hitch occurred. It seems very clear that the acknowledgment

became known as the brown, red and yellow chrysanthemums.

It is well known that several of this school of poets have been urged by certain friends to have their hair trimmed to modish length, and it has been faithfully represented to them that men would respect them more highly if they would abandon their livery, so to speak.

But they are said to regard all counsel that looks toward conformity to the appearance of the ordinary well-dressed man of the world as amusingly "bourgeois." They are superior to the comments of men. The fact that a gentleman has a quiet taste and in deference to good form seeks to be inconspicuous in his array of himself is, to them, like water on a tin roof—their lordly self-consciousness is proof against the quips and the revulsions of men.

Indeed, men's opinions are not pertinent. For it is in women's eyes that the slop-over hair finds its justification, and in those liquid depths of admiration is the poet's paradise.

Women notoriously adore a thick tumble of hair in men. To be sure the ordinary gentleman, though he smiles indulgently at the feminine protest, just as a woman in her turn smiles at a man's uneducated taste in feminine details, proceeds regularly to his hair dresser and has the mop reduced to decent size. But the poet, being an extraordinary gentleman, prefers women's taste to men's as to his appearance. He no doubt has also a canny instinct that it is chiefly the women who will buy his books.

From this last point of view the liveried tangle-tumble of the poet's head-gear has a commercial value not to be lightly gained. He is his own press agent; he is perceived to be a poet as soon as seen; though whether he be romantic, decadent, or simply weird and erotic, can only be found out by contact.

In point of fact the poetic head-foilage is the publisher's own original device. The flamboyant poster has lost its flame, but the afflatus of outpouring hair is a living, moving, throbbing poster of unmeasured agitation.

is required; but it seems hard to believe, indeed the unbiased mind can scarcely be made to believe, that the author ever intended to withhold that acknowledgment. He used the very same names; he made no attempt to rebuild or disguise the material that he turned to his own use. He exercised an author's privilege of turning raw material to his finer uses; but the accidental omission of a formal acknowledgment was calamitous.

Writing recently in the *Criterion*, Charles G. D. Roberts protests against the idea that American poets should produce American poetry. "Why should the national subject, the national savor," he asks, "be more compulsory upon the 'American' or Canadian than upon the Englishman? It is easy to explain the desire of English critics for a pronounced American savor in American poetry. It is partly based on curiosity, and on an astonishingly persistent English notion that men and manners are grotesque on this side of the water. Some of these critics want to be amused or shocked by American verse. They find 'true Americanism' in Joaquin Miller's poems, and are probably more than interested in that alleged characteristic than in the genuine and affluent poetry which so often warms this Western singer's lines. They get a pleasant shock from Walt Whitman, and straightway they hail him as the typical American poet. His barbaric yawp, sounding over the roofs of the world is accepted as an example of the spirit of beauty trying to talk American."

The *Province of Vancouver* and *Victoria, B.C.*, is a first-class weekly paper, owned by a company of which Mr. Bostock, M.P., is the head, and now the same company is to issue a new *Vancouver* daily. The British Columbia dailies have been selling at the subscription price of \$12 a year, and the new one will sell at \$5. The *Vancouver World* has been reduced to the same price. Mr. Walter Nichol, late of the *Hamilton Herald* and *London News*, will be editor, it is said, of the *Daily Province*, and may be depended upon to put out a lively paper.

Sir Walter Besant, in discussing a possible revolt against the novel, mentions the influence of the bicycle. "Nothing," he says, "has done more to brighten the dull country or suburban life than the bicycle. Above all, it makes the novel no longer a necessity of the day. The removal of dullness from the family life will produce, I believe, a corresponding 'slump' in the circulation of the novel." Clearly, there is a great deal in this opinion, and the man on his wheel and the woman on hers seem to control the situation.

While Edward W. Townsend and John Kendrick Bangs were giving readings from their books together, one night in a Western town, Mr. Bangs gravely announced that he "would be followed by Mr. Townsend, who will read from his autobiography, *Chimmie Fadden*." When it came to Mr. Townsend's turn to read, he had his revenge. "Speaking of autobiographies," he said, "Mr. Bangs made his first success, as you know, with *The Idiot*."

Mr. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown has a capital story in *McClure's* for April, entitled *King for a Day*. The scene is laid in Burma, and the story deals with twin brothers. This bit of work is strong in humor and action, and justifies the prediction that Mr. Fraser is one of the "coming men."

A third edition of *The Lover in Home-span* by Clifford Smith of Montreal is about to be issued. Mr. Smith is a member of the staff of the *Montreal Witness* and has written some short stories of a superior order.



## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

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Koenig Luise, Apr. 22; Friederichs, May 19  
Bremen, May 5; Barbarossa, May 26

MEDITERRANEAN  
Genoa, Naples, Palermo, Messina  
Alber, April 18; Werra, April 23; Kaiser  
Wm. II., April 30.

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April 12-K. Wm. der Grosse, lat. \$100; 2nd, \$15.00  
April 16-Alexandra " " 50; weekly  
April 19-Lahn " " 100; 2nd, 45.00  
April 20-St. Paul " " 100; 2nd, 45.00  
April 20-Lake Superior " " 100; 2nd, 45.00

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### Anecdotal.

When Capoul, the great tenor, was at the height of his popularity half the men in Paris wore their hair a la Capoul. Once when he was traveling in the provinces he went into a hairdresser's shop to get his hair cut. "In what style will you have it trimmed, sir?" said the barber. "As it is," said the singer; "a la Capoul." "Yes, sir," said the barber submissively. He fingered his scissors. "If I might make so bold as to give you a bit of advice I should say change it, sir; it may suit the faces of some people, but it is not becoming to you."

The latest golf-story is about a caddie who tried in vain to get the job of carrying the clubs of a pompous player. When it was the latter's turn to play, he placed the ball carefully, threw himself into position, swung his club like a forehammer and—missed. The rejected caddie laughed joyfully. Once more the novice drove and missed, and the caddie's laughter became uproarious. At the third try the ball was dislodged from its perch and spun over the turf for about six feet. "Hi, man!" yelled the caddie derisively. "I'll carry your clubs for the fun of the thing."

Once when in Ireland the Solicitor-General of England, Sir Robert Finlay, Q.C., met a drover proceeding with a number of cattle to a fair in the south. "Where are you going to?" he enquired. "To Waterford Fair, yer honor." "Indeed? And how much do you expect to get for your beasts?" asked the Q.C. "Shure, an' av I get eight pounds the head I shall not do badly!" replied Pat. "Ah, that's a sample of your country!" said Sir Robert. "Now, take these heifers to England and you average fourteen pounds a head." "Just so, yer honor," said Pat promptly; "and av yez were to take the Lake of Killarney to purgatory, yez would get a guinea a drop."

During his recent brief outing in the Vatican gardens Leo XIII. came across an assistant gardener who was digging the soil. "My good man," he said, "how much do you receive a day for your labor?" "Two francs, your Holiness," was the reply. "And how many children have you?" "None, your Holiness." "And does your wife also work for her livelihood?" "Holy Father," said the laborer, "I have never been married." "Then, my good man," the Pontiff said, "I shall give instructions that from henceforward, instead of two francs a day, you will receive a franc and a half, and that half a franc will be added to the wages of some other workman who has a wife and family to support."

Just before the war sectional feeling ran high in Congress and the Southern fire-eaters attempted to intimidate their fellows who were susceptible to that form of treatment. Senator Wade, in the course of a speech, criticized Senator Bob Toombs of Georgia in vigorous style. Toombs sent a second to Wade with a view of arranging a duel. "Senator Wade," said the friend, "General Toombs considers he has been insulted, and unless you make some explanation you must abide by the consequences." Wade looked the messenger in the eye and replied calmly, "It is just what I have been expecting. We Northerners had a consulta-

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tion the other day about the manner in which you Southerners have been bullying and we decided to kill four or five of you, and I picked out old Toombs as my man. Tell him to send his challenge along, sir. I'll have the right to select weapons and I'll take my old rifle and lay him out at the first whack." Toombs was not very familiar with rifles, though an expert with pistols, and the challenge was never sent.

### A Woman in a Boarding-House.

IT has always seemed to me a mystery why the average boarding-house keeper prefers men boarders. That such is the case won't be disputed by the queen of man-haters. The average boarding-house keeper tells me that men are out all day, but what difference it can possibly make to her whether occupants are in or out of the rooms she must not occupy, I don't see. Then she says women find so much fault. But I hear plaintive tales from thin-faced females, of poor meals, cold rooms and slipshod service, of which they dare not complain, and I wonder what is what and where I am at. The boarding-house keeper says women quarrel and gossip and fetch and carry tales, do surreptitious laundry work in their rooms, and that three women can keep a house full of boarders in constant hot water. Were this not a metaphor, the three women would be distinct blessings in any pension. Then the women boarders say that the maids lose their callers' cards, wilfully mix them up, and the boarding-house keeper's daughters use their scent and handkerchiefs and stationery, and the maids say divers awful things about the women boarders when they feel like freeing their minds below stairs, and you find it is probably a case of pot and kettle when all is said and answered. So the fact remains that the woman in a boarding-house is not popular.

I am quite sure that every woman over twenty cannot be quite happy in any other woman's house; should she be so unfortunate as to lose her home and go a-board, she naturally feels it, and as she grows older she feels it more and more. The girl who is out at work like a man all day, is the only woman boarder who is welcome in the average boarding-house. One great drawback for the woman boarder is the fact that when she feels like seeing a man friend for a chat or a game of cards, it's a problem how she is going to manage it. Did you ever try to entertain a man caller in a boarding-house parlor? I never did, but I've seen the attempt made. If you huddle him mysteriously into a nook or a corner, all the boarders in the house seem imbued with a tendency to gaze into that corner, and you can positively watch their ears growing longer as you converse in carefully modulated murmurs about the state of the weather or the chances of war. There are women boarders of inflated incomes who have a private parlor, and the maid shows up the unlucky visitor to the sanctum with a disapproving air, and all the doors seem to slip ajar as he goes by, and the next-door lady pops in, gasps "Beg pardon," and bobs out in confusion, and the visitor and the hostess feel as if they'd been caught, with a vague sense of irritation and resentment. The hostess may be certain of being hinted to, and glanced at, and questioned by the old lady boarder if that hapless man ever shows his nose the second time. With the man boarder who wants to pay a call and present a rose or a box of sweets, and enjoy a nice cosy talk, what a difference! He simply trots off to the home of the girl he honors with his society, and is welcomed and made much of and appreciated. But never yet did I hear of a woman boarder dressing up in her best and marching off to her man friend's home to call upon him!

Once I knew of a man's boarding-house which was much enjoyed by its lodgers. The table was excellent, the company congenial, the atmosphere home-like, sometimes noisy, it is true, but boys will be boys—and the boarding-house keeper had some strapping boys of her own far away, and she understood just how to drive with an easy rein. One day a sad-eyed little woman persuaded the good hostess just to give her that little hall bedroom where the coats hung and the boys liked to whisk off before a certain big old mirror. The kind hostess consulted the boys and told them the little woman was a sort of relative of hers, and had been left an orphan with some means, and would they object? The older boys looked doubtful. One impulsive young Englishman said, "Certainly not," and went sadly upstairs, with a sort of cloud over them of coming dissolution. The sad-eyed girl came, and she had sometimes girl visitors, and they always sat in the hall bedroom, where they could see everyone who passed; and always the door was ajar, so that boys ramping upstairs, gabbling of this and that, had to swear softly and shut up, lest someone sat within listening. In two weeks you would not have known that house. The boys played tennis on the lawn, over which the hall bedroom window gazed. Good stories and racy jokes had been used to float in among coats and whisks and do no harm. Now the benighted English boy who had brought the hoo-doo upon the house would whisper "Care!" and dead silence would fall, as one after another the boys glanced up at the window, where a brown head passed back and forth as the rocking-chair moved. At the table the noise of many young voices, talk of games, races, balls, girls and skylarks generally, grew less and less. The boys remembered the girl visitors and care sat upon each tongue. In the evenings undress parades had been very popular. Men had been wont to walk lathered and half-shaved from hall to wash-room in scanty garments, and to dress in doorways while they chatted with the chap across the corridor. Now, doors were shut with a ferocious bang on the heels of each man

and the shouts and jeers and general exchange of ideas was replaced by a sullen silence. Somehow the men spent very little time at home after the blight fairly set in; they went to the club-house and played poker, or to the "Gym" or the hotel, and sometimes the hour was late and the keyhole difficult when they got home. To-day there are five old maids, three widows and a married couple in that boarding-house, of which couple the sad-eyed girl is the wife and the sunny-haired English boy is the husband. Of course, women have to live somewhere. I think if one woman in a hall bedroom can hoo-doo eight men and break up an ideal jolly boarding-house, it proves that the boarding-house isn't her best location. The question arises as to what is. Some one might suggest the ideal home for the woman who must board. I confess it's an interesting subject, quite beyond me just now, but I am going to study it.

LADY GAY.

### Nurses for the Klondike.

We have received from the Countess of Aberdeen the following list of contributions towards the special fund for sending nurses to the Klondike. Those who may be disposed to help this fund may send contributions to the Countess of Aberdeen, Government House, Ottawa, or to Mrs. Edward Griffin, Russell House, Ottawa. These amounts are acknowledged:

Hon. Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere	\$ 50.00
A Friend in County of Russell	6.00
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The Dowager Lady Pelly, Westminster, Eng.	24.33
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Mr. John M. Garland, Ottawa	25.00
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A Friend (H.A.E.), Ottawa	25.00
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Mr. R. A. F. MacLeod, C.E., Ottawa	20.00
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### Some Points on Male Attire.

ONE of the subtle distinctions by which you may recognize the man who follows the latest kinks of fashion is the fact that he wears his frock-coat buttoned up instead of open, as it has been for two years past. Moreover, he wears no scarf with it, except the white ascot. This must never be puffed, simply folded flat, or, better still, not tied but looped once, and then the aprons of equal length laid one over the other, like the two pages of a sheet of paper, and fastened with a pin. In fact, there is no note of color in the outward garb of the well dressed man to-day, but inwardly he is a thing of gorgeous beauty. That is to say, his socks are brilliant in colored stripes and even in Scotch-plaid effects, and his underwear matches them. A good deal of color, however, is permissible for morning wear, including colored shirts, loud ties—they may be loud but must be exclusive—and even handkerchiefs with colored borders.

It is reported in New York that men are actually to wear the atrocious Styrian head-gear that the Prince of Wales wore for a time last autumn. They are green in color and made of felt or heavy silk plush, and the striking effect produced by their brilliant hue is heightened by a plume, consisting of a single cock's feather or one of those quaint feather tufts they make in Vienna, worn at the side or at the back in the true jaeger fashion. They are intended primarily for hunting-suits, but with our lax ideas of the fitness of the various parts of a costume, they will doubtless soon be seen on the heads of bicyclists and golf-players. The straw hats for this summer will follow the English model, having higher crowns and the brims a trifle broader than those of last year. As to the ribbons, they will be colored, if one chooses, for country wear, but black will be generally worn in town.

The latest levy women have made on the masculine wardrobe has been headed by the fair buttresses of England and Long Island. It is the appropriation of the long overcoat. Whereas men have adopted a special coat—the covert coat for riding to hounds, which is short enough to be worn comfortably while on horseback, and has been found so convenient that it has been generally adopted for morning wear—women have seized upon the Chesterfield, and, adapting it to their needs, use it when they are moving about before or after riding. It gives a piquantly mannish appearance to a slight and pretty woman, and will doubtless be used for other occasions than this for which it was originally intended.

The first thing that strikes a woman who looks down from a gallery at a public dinner of men is the dense clouds of smoke that hang over the tables and obscure her view, and the second is the well ordered, harmonious appearance such a body of men presents and the contrast it makes to a similar body of women.

### In the Musical Movement.

P. nch.



Athlete—I want to see one of those Wagner Cycles people are talking about, and if I like it, I'll subscribe.

Clothes are, of course, as a writer in the *Bazar* points out, the hinge upon which the difference turns. So long as men keep to their present standards of dress, so long must there be uniformity in dress, so long must there be in the mass be grateful to the eye. And so long as every woman dresses to suit herself without regard to effects at large, a crowd of women, judged solely as a crowd, must expect to be spectacularly unpleasing.

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Coupon. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not desired.

LOUISA.—An exceedingly strong and sometimes aggressive personality, quick, intuitive, and sympathetic. The study shows generous and impulsive feeling, great capacity for concealment, imagination, love of fine effect, and speculative and courageous mind, a dominant and administrative force. Keen appreciation of beauty and a decidedly pessimistic turn, quite at variance with the usual development above and very interesting.

BRIDGET BERESFORD.—A very fine study. You are a bright woman with a good deal of character and a generous and appreciative mind. You are speculative, progressive and ambitious, with a good deal of dash and energy and very sociable instincts. I can fancy you managing things successfully and eminently to be trusted; at the same time I think you might be a little exacting, particularly in matter of affection. A fine woman.

HAZEL.—Who says anyone should be content to remain ignorant? Surely no one whose opinion is valuable. You can learn a good deal you need without going to school. You have by no means a dull nature, and a good deal of quick, bright imagination, very fine force, and excellent energy are shown. That your impulses are without law and order is partly due to youth and to the influences under which you were born. By no means a poor study. On the contrary, a clever and promising one. You can be very fine if you try.

PORT HURON.—A pleasant, good-natured and plausible study, not given to hard work, and as yet much less developed than Halifax. The lines are studied and lack the freedom of a nature self-assured. A writer is here, and her thoughts are as disconnected as the sparks in a comet's tail. Just wait, though; she will develop a bonfire some day, or I'm mistaken.

HALIFAX.—This is an original and very self-contained young dame, who has self-preservation well developed, and either in word or deed would be very unlikely to give herself away. She likes beautiful things and abhors quarrels, very decided partisanship, or vindictive feeling. Her wrath is as the fire among the thorns, a wee crackle and all burnt out. She is conservative, and dislikes to be disturbed in her own ways and thoughts, and the undue self-assertiveness of youth is quite strongly in evidence. A careful method, nice sense of proportion, and reliable judgment are here, and her thoughts are as disconnected as the sparks in a comet's tail. Just wait, though; she will develop a bonfire some day, or I'm mistaken.

MARJORIE DAW.—Here you are again. And so I am your ideal bachelor! Good heavens! What have I done! And I have a shining bald spot as white as my soul. Marjorie, I'm ashamed of you. And an old meerschaum pipe! Oh, this is too much. If I could only get my hands on you! And I have soulful eyes! And you do like a man with eyes! Small blame to you. Say, Marjorie, write to me again that I may know I didn't dream you! You seem akin to the folks one meets in dreams after a Welsh rarebit for supper. I think your idea that you were once a hen and so came by your scratchy writing is an excellent one. Ta, ta; some day I may recover sufficiently to study it.

PAUL JONES.—You are tenacious, good-tempered, but very easily upset; bright and receptive, with a touch of romance and a curious perversity. You could make circumstances your slaves if you were moved to exert your power. You are apt to talk, not always kindly, and you fret over things and find fault too freely. You have culture and ambition, but are careless and not always conscientious. If you feel in the humor you can do splendid work. If you would, in your self-consideration, insist upon a humble and hopeful spirit you would be much happier. You know such persons as you have their happiness in their own hands. Common-sense hides behind the door bring her into the consultation. I wonder if your health and conformation are normal.



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## Studio and Gallery

**T**HE ninth annual exhibit of students' work in the art department of Moulton College, which is under the directorship of Mrs. Dignam, was held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. A very large number of visitors filled the studios. The display was considered by those who have kept in touch with the development of the art work from the beginning, as far exceeding that of any previous year. In the advanced classes, that is, in the portrait and figure-work from life, much talent and careful drawing and painting was shown. The study of values and tone quality has evidently received much consideration. In flower-painting and still-life painting, a number of pictures painted by the students have just returned from the Royal Canadian Academy exhibition, where one was hung on the line and admired for technique and coloring. Some petunias, roses, chrysanthemums, and still-life, are charming in fresh, clean, delicate water-color in the style of the latest school of painters in this medium. Pastel has not been much used in this country, but Mrs. Dignam believes it to be the medium best adapted to teach beginners in color, and certainly results show that there is wisdom in the stand taken. Modeling from casts and life in low relief has always been a subject to which much thought has been given and good results obtained from pupils.

Mrs. Dignam pays much attention to the training of younger students, who attend special classes arranged for them after school and private school hours, from four to six p.m., and Saturday morning from ten to twelve. Nearly one whole

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**Our Display**

at the Russell House, Ottawa, for the last ten days was very well received and several very nice orders secured from the best people in that city. The Countess of Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie inspected the work and were very much pleased with it.

**The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO**  
114 King Street West

studio was devoted to their drawings, modelings and paintings. Many of the students come to the city from distant parts of Canada to study art, consequently some fifty of the students are, including those having their homes in Toronto, not resident in the College. Pen-and-ink sketching from life, preparatory to illustration work, is one of the important branches of art which is receiving attention. Numbers of past pupils have succeeded in a professional way, and much promising talent is in evidence in the large class.

China painting has only recently been introduced. A studio is devoted exclusively to ceramics. Visitors were unanimous in praise of the china decoration done under Miss Irvine's direction. Classes for out-of-door work are now being organized to go out sketching as soon as weather permits. Although there is a good attendance at these classes there are only about five or six who are pupils of Moulton College. Art is not much in evidence in the college proper, owing no doubt to the multiplicity of other studies.

Miss Hemming has just finished an excellent portrait of the late Dr. John Burgess. The pose is a vital and animated one. The deceased gentleman is represented as having quickly swung around from his study table, evidently to interrogate a patient. The color scheme is distinctly felt. The color scheme takes its note from the Russian leather of the chair on which he sits. The background is of warm reddish brown running into grays and grayish blue. The expression is most natural, the flesh tint delicate and true. Miss Hemming has been particularly successful with the hands, both of which are seen. The character told by the hands is very expressive. Refinement of mind is plainly stamped upon them. The drawing and coloring of them are good. Miss Hemming is also engaged on a miniature painting which we hope the public will be permitted to see shortly. A very lovely creation it is. A portrait of one of Toronto's recent residents in evening costume, enveloped in a cloud of illusion gracefully thrown around the head and shoulders.

The exhibition of the Copley prints opens on Tuesday in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists with a private view from 3 to 6 p.m., after which it will be open for the public for a week. B. E. Walker, Esq., president of the Guild of Civic Art, under whose auspices this exhibition is held, will deliver a short address at this opening view. None should fail to see this excellent display, especially the copies of the mural decorations which have been so deservedly praised in leading periodicals.

The Central Ontario School of Art will give a public display of its work in the O.S.A. gallery immediately at the close of the exhibition of the Copley prints. This school is one of great value in its industrial interests to the country, encouraging as it does industrial designing of all kinds. It has received only too little recognition generally.

The Woman's Art Association intends holding its annual exhibition in Roberts' Art Gallery, King street west, about April 18. This should be of special interest to the feminine world generally, as indicating what amount of genius and perseverance ladies possess. What is a constant source of amusement to us is that so few of Toronto's ladies have identified themselves with art in the way of substantial contributions of the fruit of their own hands to any of its exhibitions.

The Ontario Society of Artists is busy in anticipation of its coming annual exhibition, which takes place early in May. It is to be hoped the recent visit of the Academy will not have satisfied our citizens with pictures for some time, but that the O. S. A. will receive that attention and appreciation it merits.

It is said that since the World's Fair, held five years ago, over one hundred art organizations have sprung into existence in the United States. This is one happy result of the World's Fair.

In the chapel in connection with the Berkhamsted School have recently been placed two large oil paintings by Sir John Leslie, Christ Healing the Sick, and Christ Blessing Little Children. A life-size statue of John the Baptist has also been placed in the chapel. It is to be hoped that this gentle flow of pictorial art into sacred edifices may swell to a wave which will reach Ontario in due time.

The Toronto Art League will hold a small exhibition of oils, water-colors and black-and-white work at the gallery of H. J. Matthews, Yonge street, from April 9 to 21. It is expected that this will be a very tasty little exhibit. Messrs. Jeffreys, Thomson and McKellar of New York and Mr. J. W. Cotton of Chicago will send work as well as the home members. There will be no charge for admission and those interested in art are invited to "drop in."

Montreal is to get a windfall. M. Hano-taux, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has notified Archbishop Bruchet that he intends to present a painting to St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, in the name of the French Republic, representing the first Mass in Canada, on June 25, 1615. The picture is a large one and will cover one of the panels in the cathedral.

In the Appellate Court Building, recently erected in the United States, and whose architect was James Brown Lord, the cooperation of nine painters and nine sculptors was sought and given from the very commencement of the plan until its finish. This is surely the only sensible and reliable way of securing a perfect building, and a way our city fathers would do well to copy. JEAN GRANT.

**How Much do You Weigh?**

Thinness is wasting. Wasting is tearing down. Scott's Emulsion builds up; it never makes waste. It will give you rich blood and bring back your weight.

## The Horse-Show Posters.

"What do you think of the Horse-Show posters displayed in King street?" said I to Jorkins.

"I suppose that they are all right," he replied.  
"But do you think that the judges showed good judgment in awarding the prize to the Innes poster?"  
"Well," he replied, "I did not see the Innes poster, for it had been removed. I suppose, in order that the printers might get to work on it, but unquestionably I think that the judges selected the best one."

"But you did not see it," I objected.  
"No, but I saw the others," said he, "and I inferred that the best one was absent. It certainly was not present."

He has a nasty way with him, has Jorkins, when he is appealed to on an art subject. By a studied fierceness of censure he has made a little reputation as a critic. If the work of "doing" the poster is well done, there will probably be little dissatisfaction found with the prize poster of this year, a small black and white reproduction of which is here given. It was designed by Mr. J. C. Innes, artist of the *Mail and Empire*. There was a second prize this year, and this was divided be-

traveled fully 500,000 miles. This letter has crossed the continent 150 times. It is estimated that \$1,500 in postage has been paid on this missive, and if the cost of stationery on which it has been written were added fully \$2,000 has been expended on it. This letter, like the "Flying Dutchman," never grows old. Indeed, it renews its youth each year, but every year its stopping places are fewer and fewer, and the time must come when there will be none to send it on its further journeying. For this is the class letter of the class of '44 Yale.

When the class of '44 was graduated from Yale, its members agreed that each year a certain one of them should write a letter. He should tell in it all about himself, what he was doing, what were his hopes, his prospects, his ambitions. He should tell, too, all he knew of those who had been his classmates. Then he should send the letter to the son of Yale '44 who lived nearest to him. This man should add to this strange circular-letter the news about himself and send it on. And so the letter should ceaselessly pass along, and so it has passed along. Men of Yale '44 have grown old and died, the resting-places of the class letter have become fewer and farther between, but the letter duly arrived here.



The successful Horse Show Poster, by Mr. Jack Innes.

tween two designs, one by Miss Lake and the other a joint production by Miss Hagarty and Miss Springer. These are undoubtedly meritorious bits of work, but much discussion is caused (as usual). It is argued that the second prize should have gone to this, that or the other, instead of being divided between the two that secured it. There are those who say that Miss Lake's poster is not a poster but a picture, and a pleasing one. There is something in the point, for, after all, can we seriously believe that this poster (or picture) would ever have been selected, printed and posted on fences to advertise the Horse Show? This is the real test. Pretty, artistic, dainty as it is, would it serve the purpose as an advertisement on a hoarding? A poster is an art advertisement, and neither that which is all art nor that which is all advertisement can rank as a poster. It requires a very just and bold blending of ingredients, and in the effort many fail.

## A London Art Critic.

**I**F the esteemed art critic of the Toronto *Telegram* should happen to read the "art notes" in London *Truth* of March 24, he would feel an unholly joy. It may be well to here reproduce some of the notes if only to get them into print before the *Telegram* can do so by way of showing that its art criticism is modeled on the best English style.

"Six hundred and forty-six water-colors!" exclaims *Truth*. "How happy one might have been with the forty-six had the other six hundred only been kept discreetly away. As it is it required more time and perseverance than the ordinary critic could possibly spare to separate the sheep from the goats. Fortunately, however, there were compensatory moments for those who persisted in their quest. Wandering through the artistic Sahara, and wearied with exhaustive sketches of conventional mediocrity, depressed with repeated instances of over-elaboration, lack of unity, and inappropriateness of medium, one came now and again on delightful oases, fresh and green and grateful. It was very like happening on a bubbling spring in a sandy waste to halt in front of such pictures as Mr. R. B. Nisbet's *Waiting for the Tide*, Mr. Peppercorn's *masterful Cornish Harbor*, Mr. Dudley Hardy's *Last Load*, and Mr. Carlton Smith's *By the Fireside*, though an over-elaborate technique to some extent mars the merit of the last named. How welcome, too, was Mr. Austen Brown's *By the Sea*, daring, yet defiant, though it be in its color scheme. . . . Mr. John Gulich's *Violin Concerto* stands out most effectively amongst the acres of weather-beaten mariners, and haystacks, and mills in a mist, and shrimpers returning, and Marys driving the cattle home by moonlight, by which it is surrounded. We are shown in it an orchestra, with endless tiers of 'celloists and bass-violinists—if that be the term—and violinists, whilst in the front of the picture stands the tall, swart figure of a young girl, lost in the rhapsody of the music she is evidently playing with marked success, for hovering over her is seen the ghostly, mysterious figure of Fame, crowning her with a garland. It is of this picture of Mr. Gulich's, I venture to say, that most visitors to the galleries of the Royal Institute are likely to carry away a vivid impression."

## A College Class Idea.

**A** REMARKABLE letter recently reached John A. Dana at Worcester, Mass. It is not the first time Mr. Dana has received this letter. Once a year for fifty-three years it has come to him. This letter the postmaster calls the "Flying Dutchman of the Mails." For fifty-three years it has traveled and has never been lost, although in those fifty odd years it has

As he had done for years, John A. Dana tore off the letter he wrote last year, read with pleasure, now with pain, the information that had been gathered in a twelve-month, wrote a new letter, tacked it to the others and mailed the letter to Abner Rice at Lee, in Massachusetts.

And so the letter goes.  
One hundred and four men were graduated from Yale in the class of '44. Of these forty are alive.

## Black Bile and Melancholy.

The ancient Greeks believed that the soul resided in the liver, and that the chief duty of the liver was to make black bile, and that black bile and melancholy were one and the same thing. We have learned that there are other causes of melancholy than misplaced bile, but few more efficient than a disordered liver. Probably the chief duty of the liver is to burn up, or oxidize certain substances no longer of use in the body. One of these is uric acid, a product of partially digested food and of worn-out tissue cells—that is, bodily substance. Well, when there is more of this thrown into the liver than it is able to dispose of, it sulks a while, and then turns everything upside down in its efforts to expel the intruder. This is a bilious attack; and a proneness to such attacks is what Mr. Peter Knight means when he says he suffered fifteen years from liver complaint and pleurodynia.

Plenty of people who read this little story will thoroughly understand all the experiences which he, and Mr. Sampson after him, briefly describe.

"I felt languid and heavy," says Mr. Knight. "My appetite was variable, and I suffered from a stabbing pain in the left side."

The latter was the pleurodynia he mentions—pain in the pleura, an ailment much like neuralgia. When there is inflammation it turns to what we call pleurisy. In his case there was probably no inflammation.

"I had so much pain," he goes on to say, "which continued month after month, that I felt anxious and consulted a doctor. He gave me medicines and embrocations which eased me for a time, and then I had the pain back as ever. In this way I remained for a year or more."

In May, 1881, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup and the cures it had made in cases like my own. I also knew that my mother-in-law had for years derived benefit from it. I got a bottle from Mr. Chase, the chemist at Slough. After taking two bottles I found relief. The pain gradually wore away and I felt better than ever. Soon I was cured, and from that time till now, by taking an occasional dose it always put me right. I always keep a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house as a family medicine, and very useful my wife and family find it. You may use this statement as you like. (Signed) Peter Knight, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks, June 6, 1886.

"In the summer of 1882," says Mr. Sampson, "I had a bad attack of indigestion and congestion of the liver. I got medicine from two doctors, but it did not benefit me in the least. For three months I continued to suffer. In October, 1882, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup. I was then living at Hayes, Middlesex. I purchased two bottles from the chemist in High street, Southall. After taking one bottle I found benefit. The gnawing feeling at the chest ceased and the melancholy and depression left me, and I felt brighter, stronger and more active."

"I continued taking the Syrup, and after I had used five bottles I was cured, and escaped all the evils of indigestion and liver ailments for a year. Since that time I have kept a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house, and if I require medicine I resort to it and always get relief. You may use this statement if you think fit to do so. (Signed) Frank E. Sampson, Fearnside, Farnham Royal, Slough, June 25th, 1886."

Two better witnesses than these gentlemen we need not ask for. Mr. Knight is a builder, known and respected in the district; and Mr. Sampson is of equally high repute among the people of Slough and Windsor, where he has resided many years. Both commend the medicine to their friends and acquaintances. No disease has so profound and disastrous an effect upon the mind and spirits as the one from which they suffered—dyspepsia, with its consequence, torpidity of liver. The mischief wrought by it to body and mind, and hence to the power of thinking and working, is incalculable. It strews all nations with wrecks of men and women. Engrave, then, on your memory these words—*Mother Seigel's Syrup* cures it.

## LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE

Is an excellent nutrient tonic. Physicians desiring to prescribe will hardly find anything superior to this.—*Health Journal*.  
"We find that the Ale uniformly well agreed with the patients, that it stimulated the appetite, and thereby increased nutrition. The taste likewise was highly spoken of. In nervous women, we found that a glass at bedtime acted as a very effective and harmless hypnotic."—*Superintendent of large United States Hospital*.

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No "quackery," only a Scientific Medical and Surgical Institute provided with all appliances necessary for the restoration to health of those afflicted with seriously diseased conditions. Brick and Stone Fireproof Buildings—so perfectly heated and ventilated that the temperature does not vary more than two degrees. All modern improvements. 15 Consulting Specialists, thoroughly educated house staff. Every form of bath and electricity. Write for pamphlet.  
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## The First Kiss.

I.  
Oh the rapturous bliss  
Of that first warm kiss  
After church, on a sweet June night given.  
That first draught of wine,  
With its flavor divine  
Shot us both, head and heels, into heaven.

II.  
In the cool midnight breeze,  
Neath the shadowy trees,  
There we lingered to take our last draught.  
With thrilling emotion,  
That exquisite potion  
Was sipped, till the last drop we quaffed.

III.  
Oh the passionate pain!  
Let us drink once again!  
"To the last thou has kept the best wine."  
"It moveth aught."  
As your arms hold me tight,  
And you whisper, "My pet, thou art mine."  
A. MARG.

"That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them?" said the old farmer. "Why, corn, of course," replied the amateur. "In the ear!" "Certainly not; in the mouth."—*Chicago News*.

**Strengthens the entire system, Body, Brain and Nerves—Cures Stomach troubles.**

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No other article has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as this world famous tonic wine, **Vin Mariani**.

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**BENGER'S FOOD** is sold in various sized Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.  
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## MUSIC

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well known Canadian pianist, is expected to return to Toronto in about two months' time. In an interesting letter to a local professional colleague Mr. Tripp says: "The past season in Vienna, from a pianistic point of view, has been especially brilliant. We have had Mentor, Carreno, Busoni, d'Albert, Eibenschütz, Lamond, Bauer, Eduard Schuett (for whom I frequently play), Bertha Jahn, Emil Sauer, and are now awaiting Rosenthal and Stavenhagen. Regarding my personal work, I have recently had considerable class work under Stepanoff's teaching. Members of his classes go to Leschetizky once a week. The benefit of such class-lessons, where one plays to get routine and criticism, and hear the great master's criticisms on so many others, all more or less advanced as concert players, is obvious. Miss Julia MacBrien and Miss Ruby Preston are among the latest Canadians to arrive here. Mr. William T. Thompson of St. Catharines, Mons. Renaud of Montreal and several others are also representatives of Canada, so you see the Dominion is well to the front in Vienna, as it is at Berlin, Leipzig and other centers. Steining came to Vienna about two months ago and is taking his preparatory training for lessons with Leschetizky like a little man. He claims to be deriving great benefit from it. I am very well pleased with the great advantages of study in this, the greatest school of pianism at the present time. The Canadian students here have been much amused at the proposed examinations for Canada of the Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music. There should be a big boom for fourth-rate teachers and tenth-rate pupils now. The requirements of the Associated Board in piano-playing are certainly are laughable when viewed from the standpoint of the development of piano-playing in Canada."

Canadian composers should make a note of the prize offer of the New York Musical Art Society which is embodied in the following announcement of the Society, and which includes, as will be noticed, musicians resident in Canada: "The Musical Art Society of New York, in pursuance of its aim to foster a taste for what is purest and best in 'a capella' choral music, desires not only to give adequate performance of the masterpieces of this character already extant, but also to encourage further development of this field. The Society therefore offers a prize, given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Butler McCagg, and which it is proposed to make an annual one, of two hundred and fifty dollars, for the best composition for mixed voices, unaccompanied. The first competition is offered on the following conditions: (1) Anyone may compete who has been, for the past five years or longer, a resident of the United States or Canada. (2) The work shall be set to sacred words, Latin or English, for a chorus of about fifty voices. (3) The time of performance should not exceed fifteen minutes. (4) The compositions offered will be submitted to the three following judges, and should be addressed to the president of the society, Dr. Fred E. Hyde, 20 West Fifty-third street, New York. George W. Chadwick, Asger Hamerik, the conductor of the Musical Art Society." For conditions governing the competition intending competitors should address the secretary of the Musical Art Society. It is proposed to offer this prize, with the same restrictions as to residence, for a work set to secular words, English or German, in 1894; and to offer it without any restrictions as to nationality or language in 1900.

An organist of high talent, an accompanist of remarkable gift, an artist of great popularity, and a woman held in the highest regard, Mrs. H. M. Blight has long been a favorite with the Toronto public. She has been associated in the most essential role of accompanist with nearly all the principal musical events of the past fifteen years. Foreign artists of note visiting Toronto are delighted and surprised to find here an accompanist of such rare skill, in a most difficult capacity. "She doesn't know how good she is," was the comment of Mr. Watkin Mills on her work. Outside, however, of her musical gifts Mrs. Blight, in her personal capacity and as organist in succession of St. Peter's Episcopal church, the Elm street Methodist church and now the Bloor street Presbyterian church, has a very wide range of friendships, while she is most esteemed by fellow artists. These, in conjunction with a grand popular benefit in Massey Music Hall on Tuesday evening, April 19. The list of artists who have tendered their services is perhaps the best evidence of the merits of the occasion, and these include: Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, contralto, of Buffalo, Miss Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss Kate Archer, Harold Jarvis, Francis Mercier, Pier Delasco, Paul Hahn, Owen Smiley, Grenville P. Kleiser, the Madrigal Club, a select choir of fifty voices from Jarvis street Baptist church, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt, and the band of the 48th Highlanders, under the leadership of Mr. John Slatter.

The Toronto Festival Chorus committee have announced the plan of operation decided upon for that society under the baton of Mr. F. H. Torrington for the season of 1893-94. The scheme is limited to two public events. The first of these will be a Yuletide presentation of Handel's The Messiah. This, it is expected, will be followed in the early spring by what is intended shall in future be recognized as this society's annual festival. On this occasion, which will engage two evenings in succession, the programme will include Mendelssohn's The Elijah, Sullivan's

Golden Legend, and miscellaneous numbers by assisting artists and orchestras. The process of chorus organization has favorably progressed, and the present rehearsals will shortly terminate, resuming in September. In the meantime the names of a limited number of capable chorists will be enrolled to perfect the personnel of the chorus. Information may be had regarding membership, etc., by addressing Mr. Gilverson, secretary, care Rice Lewis & Son, King street east, or Mr. S. T. Church, chairman, 9 Pembroke street.

Seemingly in ratio with the season's progress is the ripening of performance by pupils of the Metropolitan School of Music in concert work, a most satisfactory indication, by the way, proving that the methods employed in the various departments of the institution are conducive to practical and well defined advancement. The concert given in the Metropolitan recital hall on Thursday evening of last week was by a mixture of junior and higher grade pupils, including the following: Pianists—Misses Viola Rutledge, Katie Roberts, Minnie Claxton, Ruby Fawcett, Millie Brownlow, Ethel Dodds, Violet Wadsworth, Ada Lillie and Mabel Partridge; vocalists—Messrs. W. J. Street and William Blain; violoncellist—Master Ashley Moorhouse. The teachers represented by pupils were: Misses H. S. Taylor, C. M. Tufford, A. M. Sydney, Amy Robsart Jaffray, Mrs. Roberts, Messrs. J. M. Sherlock, Cecil Carl Forsyth, Peter C. Kennedy and W. O. Forsyth, the last named being the director of music at the Metropolitan.

Mr. R. L. Stiver, a talented pupil at the College of Music of Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F. R. C. O., gave a very successful recital of organ music at the College on Thursday evening of last week. Mr. Stiver's programme included: Mendelssohn's Sonata



MRS. H. M. BLIGHT.

No. 1; Tours' Allegretto Grazioso in D; Bach's Fugue in G minor; Buck's transcription of Rossini's William Tell, and smaller numbers by Dubois, Saint-Saens, Schumann, and Eddy's transcription of Wagner's Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhauser. A good technique and a musical reading of the various works presented were characteristics of Mr. Stiver's playing throughout. The programme was varied through vocal selections rendered by Miss Mabel Chester and Mr. James Richardson, who sang several solos with good taste and expression. The accompaniments were excellently played by Miss Tait, one of Mr. Torrington's pupils.

The choir of West Presbyterian church, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, rendered at last Sunday evening's service, Stainer's The Story of the Cross. On Monday evening last a concert was given in the lecture-room of the church in which a very attractive programme was presented by the choir, assisted by Mrs. A. Farquhar, soprano; Mrs. A. Moir Dow and Miss F. H. McKenzie, mezzo-sopranos; Miss Florence Galbraith, alto; and Mr. J. A. Valley, tenor, and Mr. A. Buley, cellist. The manner in which the programme was carried out reflected great credit upon all who took part, and especially upon Mr. McNally, whose admirable work at the West Presbyterian church is highly appreciated by the congregation worshipping there.

The choir of Sherbourne street Methodist church were handsomely entertained by the officials of the church on Friday evening of last week. A sumptuous supper was served in the lecture hall, for which the services of Webb were brought in requisition, and no trouble was spared to make the event a memorable one. Addresses were delivered by officials of the church, in which the church's appreciation of the services of the choir was warmly expressed. Complimentary references to the good work of Mr. Blakeley and those associated with him were voiced by a number of speakers, and the evening proved one of the most enjoyable in the history of the choir of Sherbourne street church.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Clef Club, held in the Athenaeum on Thursday evening of last week, Sig. Dinelli, who is soon leaving the city in order to accept an appointment in New York, acceded to the request of the Club and rendered a very enjoyable programme of his own composi-

tions. Several of the works performed possessed decided merit, and much surprise was expressed by members of the Club that Sig. Dinelli has not been heard from as a composer to a greater degree than has been the case. Mr. Tandy assisted Sig. Dinelli in the vocal numbers rendered, and the evening proved a very interesting occasion.

It has been my pleasure recently to come across several compositions of Dr. Albert Ham, the accomplished organist and choir-master of St. James' Cathedral. The sound musicianship and clever invention displayed in the compositions I have noticed, which, by the way, are anthems and part-songs, a class of work in which English musicians particularly excel, stamp Dr. Ham as a composer of decided ability. I can heartily recommend Dr. Ham's works to local choir-masters and conductors as compositions combining in a rare degree the qualities of geniality and solidity.

The choir of the Central Presbyterian church, Buffalo, under the direction of Mr. Angelo Read, the well known Canadian musician, is now considered one of the finest in that city. An Easter song service which was given by the choir on Monday evening last received high praise from the Buffalo critics. Dudley Buck's splendid new cantata, Christ the Victor, was the principal work of the evening, and its excellent interpretation under Mr. Read's baton afforded much pleasure and proved an inspiration to the large audience present.

Mr. Thomas Martin, the talented solo pianist of London, Ont., has been giving a very successful series of piano recitals in various towns and cities in the western part of the province. Among recent successes have been recitals in Stratford and London. Local papers give enthusiastic

money was brought around from the box office and paid to the landlady. So was her cab fare, and the prima donna stepped on the stage only ten minutes late. The story got out to the audience, which welcomed her as enthusiastically as if it had found something that seemed irretrievably lost. That happened in Turin.

## More of the "Chopinnee."

Chattanooga News. De Pachman, the pianist, is so full of whimsicalities, of grimaces and odd doings, and withal is such a superb player, that he has been characterized by one epigrammatic writer as "having the soul of an angel in the body of an ape," and by another as "a combination of specialized wisdom and indifferently damped foolism."

An instance of this latter element of his character took place after one of his New York recitals. A pianist of some note went on the stage to congratulate him on his brilliant performance. He found De Pachman pacing up and down the stage exclaiming in fury:

"Ach Gott! Des American beeps, hoy dey do—dey know not mussek! I will go back to Germany. Here dey know notings. I play like von Gott, und vat do dey do?" Taking his hand, the visitor tried to assuage his wrath by saying, "Yes, yes, Mr. Pachman, you did play like a god."

Whereupon the irrepressible combination of egotism and genius burst forth: "Blay like von Gott! I blay like zwei Gotts, and dey do notings!"

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In his latter days he was in reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with the gout. A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand.

He immediately thrust it from him and said, "Go and take it up, miss, and present it to me as I have taught you." She burst into tears but obeyed.

"I consent to take it now, and I thank you; but your elbow was not quite rounded enough."

Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the earth is 6.99 inches to the statute mile.

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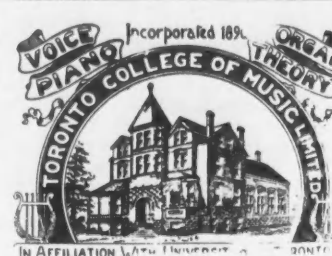
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**Social and Personal.**

The Parkdale Choir's concert, under the direction of Mr. Gorrie, on Tuesday evening was a pronounced treat to a number of smart people who appreciate good music. Mr. Bispham, the trig and trim little gentleman with the adorable voice, sang himself once more into the hearts of all, and deserves our emphatic thanks for his encore, The Lost Chord, a noble song which we have heard murdered by several pretentious warblers recently. Mr. Bispham's rich, earnest tones did the true majesty and beauty of Sullivan's masterpiece full justice. The baritone made a small oration, regretting that his music had been lost in transit and that several of his numbers had to be changed, as their setting was not to be had in Toronto. Some ardent Kiplingites groaned over the lack of Danny Deever, and regretted that the loss of the score had not been made known earlier, as some of us knew where it could have been borrowed. Professor Huntingford would, surely, have been his usual amiable self and gladly have lent Danny Deever to the splendid singer of Tuesday evening.

Among those who attended the concert were: Miss Mowat, Mr. Fred and Mrs. Mowat, Miss Strange, Miss Law and Commander Law, who were *vis-a-vis* with the singers, in the usual reserved gallery seats; Mr. George Beadmore, Mr. and Mrs. George Plunkett Magann, Mr. Henry Osborne, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mrs. Alfred Hoskins, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Signor Delasco, Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, Mrs. Cattanch, Mr. Houston, Miss May Walker, Mr. Scott. The Massey box was occupied and an exceedingly smart party of ladies and gentlemen were in the box underneath it. *Vis-a-vis* were also enthusiastic parties who enjoyed every number exceedingly. The choir were grouped effectively, the sopranos and altos in snowy frocks, with Scotch tartan ribbons crossed from shoulder to belt, *a la militaire*, and each tenor and bass sported a bright little *boutonniere* of scarlet. Miss Tessa McCallum, the elocutionist of the evening, was in shell-pink with green velvet trimmings, and Miss Janet D. Grant wore a cream gown with chiffon sleeves. Her singing of Jock o' Hazeldean was most delightful.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell will close their charming home in west Rosedale on May 1, and go to the seaside, and later to the Catskills for the summer. By the way, what picturesque and artistic homes there are in this section of Toronto's most lovely suburb. That attractive little mansion overhanging the ravine, which is the home of Mr. Boulthée, his artist son and his literary son; Miss Tully's beautiful new home in Roxborough avenue, and also a rejuvenated and beautified Rosedale House, where Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout are the ever gracious host and hostess, are three of west Rosedale's beauty-spots. The winds that sweep up

the deep ravine keep a delicious coolness in summer, though sometimes they are a trifle rough in their winter progress. As the days grow warmer scores of cyclists are to be seen flitting in and out of Rosedale's adding network of drives and by-ways, and those who determine to explore that vicinity are surprised at the complete separation from the busy city which is so easily and quickly perceived. A very pleasant ride was had by a dozen enthusiasts, spite of wind and dust, last Tuesday.

Mrs. J. S. King of St. George street and her friend, Miss Simpson of San Francisco, are spending Easter in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Campbell are at Atlantic City, which seems a very popular resort for Canadians this season. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy returned from England on Saturday. Mrs. Harry Totten has returned from a visit in Berlin. Mr. W. E. Burritt left on Monday for the Klondike. On Saturday evening a spring Santa Claus was apparently in attendance on the intending *voyageur* at the Toronto Club, and Mr. Burritt was given a lot of useful and fine presents and a hearty godspeed by the friends who wish him so much success, and who will miss him here.

Such a lot of smart people are coming up for the Horse Show! Toronto will need to get her best bib and tucker on to meet the stylish contingent from the East on equal footing.

Many friends of artist and subject have admired Mr. Dickson Patterson's admirable portrait of Sir George Burton, which was on view in the studio, and later at Roberts' Art Gallery, King street. Mr. Patterson found Sir George an inspiring subject, and has presented him in his best expression.

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## Social and Personal.

Major and Mrs. Evans have arrived from Montreal, and will reside in Toronto. This will be pleasant news for many friends, most of all for their daughter, Mrs. E. Taylor English, of Bloor street east.

On next Wednesday afternoon Lady Gzowski will receive at The Hall from half-past four until seven. Many regretful farewells will be said to General and Mrs. Sandham, who have spent the winter in Toronto, and who are always missed so sadly when they say good-bye and return to Merrie England.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra are spending Easter week in New York. Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney returned to New York with her daughter, Mrs. Atcheson, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Crowther have gone to England for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones will summer on the Continent. They sailed for Genoa last week.

Fraulin Chelius, who has many friends in Toronto, lectured on German Literature in Ottawa last week before a distinguished audience, including Her Ladyship of Rideau Hall.

Among the enthusiastic horsemen who are seen in sylvan parts, cantering through the country, is Mr. G. Allen Case, in company with his young son, on a dapper little pony, father and son alike in love with a good mount. It was Mr. Case of whom a great whip said he could make him the best driver in Canada in three months.

Mrs. C. V. Snelgrove, of Carlton street, entertained about thirty ladies at afternoon euchre on Friday of last week. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Britton, and a very enjoyable and all too short afternoon was spent. Among those present were: Mrs. Fletcher Snider, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Charles Boone, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. Harry Piper, Mrs. Charles Lugsdin, Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. W. G. Brown, Miss Boone, Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. C. Riggs, Mrs. Joseph Irving, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Bugg and Mrs. James Sinclair.

One of the most interesting musical events of the coming Easter week will be the farewell concert of Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli at the new and attractive music hall of the Conservatory of Music, College street. Sig. Dinelli has served the musical interests in Toronto for several years with great zeal and fidelity, and has ever been ready to give his services to the cause of charity. Upon the eve of his departure for a wider field, near New York city, we feel sure his many friends and the music-lovers of Toronto will give him their presence at this, his last concert, more especially also as he has a most brilliant and attractive programme, in which some of our best and most popular local talent will appear.

Mr. George Verry of Baldwin street has sailed for London, Eng., by steamship Parisian, and expects to be away for several months.

Prof. Clark, Trinity College, leaves for Ottawa this week, where he will lecture and preach. Prof. Clark will be the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

Professor and Mrs. Clark entertained at dinner recently in honor of Mr. Waters of Ottawa. Among those present were: Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat, Lady Thompson, Mr. Henry Totten and Mrs. Cattanaich.

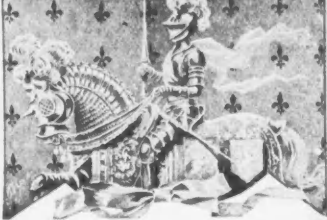
Dr. and Mrs. E. E. King gave a card party and supper to a number of friends on Wednesday evening.

Miss Ella Marcon of Elsinz, Balmy Beach, has returned home after a very pleasant visit to Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Wyl and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald are at Atlantic City for Easter. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and Miss Crombie are in New York.

The House Boys of Upper Canada College, through their Head Boy, handed to the secretary of the Children's Aid Society last Monday the sum of \$17.02. This

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amount was the result of a collection taken at their Sunday evening service last Sunday and comes as an Easter offering from the Boys.

A game of basketball at the Toronto Athletic Club on Saturday night made fun for a good attendance of members and friends. The decorators are now through and a fine effect has been left on the walls and ceilings—that cold, white, unfinished look gone and instead harmonious color.

Monsieur F. X. Mercier's farewell concert, which is announced to take place in Association Hall under distinguished patronage, on May 2, promises to be the musical event of the season, as the leading artists of Toronto have been secured for the occasion.

Mr. Bispham was the guest of Mr. J. Kerr Osborne at Clover Hill for supper after the concert, Tuesday, and an exceedingly attractive group of Toronto beauties and smart cavaliers were asked to meet him.

Mr. Charles McGill, the general manager of the Ontario Bank, was in Bowmanville this week, attending the funeral of his father.

Among the successful ones in the Trinity examinations are Miss Bertha Macdougall and Miss Good.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week the 18th Highlanders will present their great play. One of the Best, with a splendid cast. The affair, which will be a very smart one, is under the patronage of His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen, who are expected to occupy one of the boxes; Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Sir Frank Smith and Mrs. Harrison, and the following distinguished patrons from other cities: General and Mrs. Gascoigne, the Minister of Militia and Mrs. Borden. The officers of the sister regiments and of the Thirtieth of Hamilton have been invited and have accepted invitations. Captain Hendrie is to bring down a party of ten for Friday evening. The regimental band, under Mr. Slater, will play incidentally in the piece, and the pipers, under the new pipe major Beeton, will also have an innings. Special scenery is being painted for the play. An ancient abbey, a regimental canteen, and a barracks-square are among the new scenes.

The growing importance in the estimation of many of our most prominent people of the musical interest of the city is shown in the increasing interest which events of artistic merit create in social circles. As an example of this the fine audience which attended the piano recital given in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Saturday last by a number of Mr. Vogt's most gifted pupils may be instanced. The influence of such a recital as this proved to be cannot but be beneficial to all who are privileged to attend. Miss Jessie Perry, Mrs. N. B. Eagen, Master Douglas Bertram and Miss Mabel Bertram (son and daughter of Mr. George Bertram, M.P.) won great praise, as did others of the gifted pupils. The rare combination of the musical and technical in the work of Mr. Vogt's pupils has brought

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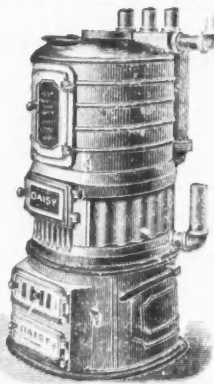
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## Births.

CAPP—On March 26, Mrs. Thomas W. Capp—a daughter.  
ALEXANDER—March 27, Mrs. Alexander—a daughter.  
NETTLETON—Penetanguishene, March 31, Mrs. C. A. Nettleton—a son.  
CLINE—Paris, March 29, Mrs. W. H. Cline—a daughter.  
MASSEY—April 4, Mrs. W. E. H. Massey—a daughter.  
GRAY—April 4, Mrs. Henry A. Gray—a daughter.  
BAKER—April 4, Mrs. F. S. Baker—a son.  
HOSSACK—March 25, Mrs. D. C. Hossack—a daughter.  
FORBES—Farnham, Que., March 29, Mrs. Geo. Forbes—a son.  
MOLYNEUX—April 4, Mrs. F. C. M. Molyneux—a daughter.

## Marriages.

HOLLINRAKE—IRVING—March 31, T. A. Hollinrake to Hattie Irving.  
McRAE—GRAY—April 2, Rev. W. W. McRae to Ella Gray.  
MACDONALD—HEDLEY—March 30, Reginald M. Macdonald to Grace Whitney Hedley.

## Deaths.

BETHUNE—April 5, Jane Frances Bethune, aged 90.  
BUTCHART—April 5, Agnes L. Butchart.  
DICK—April 4, Hannah Dick, aged 81.  
MACGREGOR—Misses, April 1, Charlotte Macgregor.  
GARRETT—April 4, Mrs. W. Garrett, aged 69.  
KERR—April 3, Rev. John L. Kerr, aged 72.  
MITCHELL—April 1, Mary E. Mitchell, aged 49.  
REYLER—April 1, Jacob Reyler.  
MERRITT—March 25, William Mandeville Merritt.  
CUFF—March 31, John T. Cuff, aged 76.  
BEATTY—April 2, David Oliver Beatty, aged 41.